The Yolo Democrat.

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The Yolo Democrat

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Would be pleased to have the Ladies call and examine them, confident that she can please in the future as well as in the past. She would also return thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed, and would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

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OUR REPRESENTATIVES AND FARLEY.

We have desisted thus far from expressing any opinion or making any comment upon the action of Senator Lambert and Assemblyman DeWitt in voting for the Hon. James T. Farley for United States Senator, desiring to get as full an expression as possible from their constituents in this county before doing so. We have talked with numbers of citizens hailing from different parts of the county, and have got an expression of their views upon the subject. With a few exceptions the gentlemen interviewed disapproved of the position taken by the honorable gentlemen from Yolo regarding the Senatorship, basing their disapproval upon the assumed fact that Mr. Farley is a "Railroad" man, and a willing tool in the hands of the moneyed monopolies of this State, and asserting that Messrs. Lambert and DeWitt were fully aware of that fact when they supported him in caucus. Now as to the facts of the above charges against Mr. Farley, we refer our friends to the journals of the different sessions of the Legislature when he has been a member, and there his public actions will be found recorded in black and white, and we venture the assertion that in every instance wherein the rights of the people were put in jeopardy by the encroachment of the Railroad or other monopolies in the way of special legislation, Mr. Farley's vote will be found on the side of right and justice. If such be not the case we are greatly mistaken. Again, we have carefully examined the comments of our many exchanges upon the result of the caucus deliberations, and find that at least two-thirds of the respectable journals of the State, irrespective of party, claim that Mr. Farley was the best selection that could be made from the material presented. Now as to our Representatives, notwithstanding the contrary has been frequently asserted, we are prepared to say that as far as our knowledge extends, neither of them went to Sacramento pledged to vote *for* any person for Senator, neither to refuse to vote for Farley or any other aspirant for that position. Pledges of the kind were not exacted from them, and we are satisfied that neither of the gentlemen would have made the campaign subject to any such restrictions. We further believe that in voting for Mr. Farley they did so believing him to be the man best fitted to represent California in the Senate of the United States. And we further believe that should Mr. Farley live to serve out his time in that exalted position, that many who now hear maledictions upon the heads of those who elected him to that position, will, long before his term expires, be willing to admit that Lambert and DeWitt acted wisely in voting as they did.

ON PUBLISHING LAWS.

The Alameda *Encinal* offers a good suggestion, which the Legislature would do well to study. It is to the effect that that body should introduce a law and have it passed, compelling the Secretary of State to have every law of a general nature, together with amendments to the Codes, published in one paper in every county in the State; and every law of a special character published in a paper in the county to which it applies. It holds that the Codes of this State are not made and altered merely for the guidance of the legal profession, but that the people, who are held amenable to its provisions, should have some means of knowing what they are. Ignorance is no excuse before the Court and still the mass of the people know scarcely anything about our laws, owing to the high price at which the Codes are sold, their limited number and the present method by which not one in forty knows which bill has passed and which rejected. And the *Encinal* might add in that suggestion that bills and resolutions coming up for passage should never be described by numbers but by titles. Who knows anything about Assembly resolution No. 6, or Senate bill No. 5? There are assuredly not 1,000 men in this State, and probably not half that many, who know which resolution on Chinese Immigration was accepted by both Houses. The papers do all they can to instruct the public, but with bills flying in by the dozen every day, a newspaper reporter cannot mention each one. Those which he deems most important are elucidated and the others not noticed at all. If the title were read it would be a great help.

The California illustrated *Spirit of the Times*, a publication issued by the enterprising proprietor of the San Francisco *Spirit of the Times*, Marcus D. Boruck, has been placed upon our table. It is a splendid special publication and does great credit to Mr. Boruck. He may well feel proud of this specialty in journalism.

"It is he," said Conkling Pasha, referring to our beloved Brother Hayes, "who protects the murderers, but wants thieves sent to the Penitentiary because they made him President." This statement, remarks the St. Louis *Times*, brings into distressful prominence the mournful fact that the thieves did it.

INTERVENTION.

England is the only nation among the great powers of Europe, says the *Call*, which exhibits any anxiety about intervening between the Turk and Russian. It is understood that she has a selfish object in her attitude, which does not in any manner affect either Germany, France, Austria or Italy, and their indifference to the subject can, therefore, be understood. It is said that Turkey has made up her mind to fight the war to the bitter end, and this given out as the resolutions of the Sultan's chief advisers, but the interpretation is plain that the Sultan is of a different way of thinking, and would like nothing better than mediation to avoid that which now seems a prospective partition of Turkish territory. Russia is by no means disposed—now that the period of her conquest seems so near—to accept other terms than those which she shall herself dictate, and it is not all improbable, as has been declared, whenever Turkey exhibits a disposition, in the parlance of the prize ring, to "throw up the sponge," that a better understanding could be arrived at between the combatants themselves, than by the intervention of outside parties. Indemnity is always demanded by a conqueror to meet the expenses of a destructive war, and Turkey may not hope, in the contingency of submission, to escape it. However, having achieved a full measure of glory in the war, Russia can afford to be magnanimous, and it is to this magnanimity that Turkey must look, rather than to the aid of those who manifest reluctance to interpose their good offices.

The armies of both the contestants are being reinforced with with a declared intention of further hostile operations, but this is no sure sign of the prolongation of the war, and since peace forms an active topic of discussion, such a thing is not impossible at an early day, if Russia is disposed to entertain the proposition.

LIKELY TO THINK TWICE.

The Charleston, South Carolina, *Journal of Commerce* takes a decided stand against a subsidy to the Texas-Pacific Railroad. That journal under date of December 12th says: The Hon. Alexander H. Stephens led the subsidy elephant into the House of Representatives on Friday last. The animal is handsome but huge, but was gracefully received on account of its venerable sponsor. The Texas-Pacific folks are very modest. They want only $25,000 a mile for the road they build on level ground, and $35,000 for that laid through the mountainous regions, and will be satisfied with $38,750,000 all told, for which they will give a first mortgage on the road and on the 13,000,000 acres of land granted by the United States and Texas. The whole thing is as simple as a question in addition. The United States gives the land, which is enough to make an European Empire of, and then loans $38,750,000 with this land and the proposed railroad as security. In other words it builds a railroad for a company of private adventurers. After her costly experience with the Union and Central Pacific Railroads the United States will be apt to think twice before taking this Texas elephant.

INFORMATION IN BRIEF.

Since France just at this time is an object of more than ordinary interest, a few items from her census of 1876 will not be out of place. The nation is divided into 36,056 communes or towns, with a population of 36,905,788 inhabitants. From 1872 to 1876 the population of France has increased in a larger ratio than formerly. This increase, amounting to 802,867 individuals, is found especially in the cities. Paris has 137,000 more inhabitants than it had four years ago, Toulouse 21,000, and Lyons 19,000. Nancy, having received many of the Alsatians who chose to remain French, has had an increase of about forty per cent. It is also worthy of notice that whilst France was thus increasing in population she exported cereals and wine to the value of $300,000,000, which would be sufficient to sustain 5,000,000 of men during five years. These facts are certainly significant.

We should judge from telegraphic reports of the situation at Washington that Mr. Hayes' position for some time to come will not be a very enviable one. It is a big honor to become President of the United States, but at the present time we are not sure but that the glory is more than offset by the disagreeable and annoying consequences which are sure to follow an elevation to the Chief Magistracy.

"Deacon" Parkinson, of the Carson *Tribune*, favored us with a pleasant call Wednesday morning. He is visiting his old-time friend Esquire Frost during the holidays. He is very favorably impressed with our town, and thinks the climate here the finest in the world.

One of our best country daily exchanges is the Napa *Register*, which has just entered upon its fifth year. It is now firmly established, as it deserves to be, for it is a well conducted paper both locally and otherwise.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Associated Press Special Dispatches to the Daily Democrat.

Horrors of Plevna.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.—A *Times'* London special says: The correspondent of the London Daily *News* at Plevna sends a terrible story of the state of things prevailing in and around the captured town. Before the recent great storm Plevna was simply a charnal house. Modern warfare has no parallel for it. Famished dogs, of which there are always large numbers in Turkish towns, were feeding on the corpses of the dead, and the bodies of the still living wounded. Savage hordes of greedy brutes tore the putrid flesh of the dead crushed the bones between their teeth. The cries and groans of the wounded as they vainly struggled with the dogs might be heard for miles around and made the soul sick. Birds were picking at the skulls, hopping from body to body, with beaks and plumage besmeared with human blood and screaming with delight. The dogs fought among themselves, and bird struggled with bird for the possession of a morsel of human flesh.

The most indescribable horrors prevailed. In one house alone there were thirty-seven dead an l fifty-three wounded Turks. We found some of the former in a half decomposed and putrid state and the wounded in a condition that can be more easily imagined than described. Eighteen hundred prisoners were huddled together on the banks of the Vid, and the horrors of their position equaled those of the great plague which ravaged Europe in the fourteenth century. The living and dead were piled together promiscuously in heaps like wood, and carried away. There were only three carts available for this work and the confusion was indescribable.

Troops in Texas.

BROWNSVILLE, Dec. 26.—The steamer Harlon arrived at Brazos yesterday with three companies of United States troops from New Orleans, which were disembarked and reached this city by railroad last evening. They are the first of the additional force recently ordered to the Rio Grande. It is regarded as an evidence that the power of the government is to be more effectually enforced on the frontier in the future. The lower Rio Grande has been remarkably quiet for the past several months.

Fire and Loss of Life.

CENTRAL CITY, Col., Dec. 26.—This morning a fire was discovered in the residence of Thos. Terrill. The first ones to arrive at the burning building heard the screams of the inmates, but the flames had made such headway that nothing could be done to save them. Four persons perished in the flames: Mrs. Terrill, Johnny Terrill, Wm. John Terrill and Robert Jeffrey.

ROUNDOUT, N. Y., Dec. 26.—W. H. Roberts' building was burnt last night, His wife and daughter and J. Brophy perished in the flames.

The Bland Silver Bill.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—It is now claimed that more than one third of the Senate will vote againt any measure containing and confering unlimited legal tender power upon silver as does Bland's bill, and that the President will be sustained if he sends in a veto.

The Senate Majority.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.—The *World's* Washington special says: The Republican majority in the Senate will be reduced to one vote when Congress reassembles. Patterson says to-day that as soon as he is able to travel he intends to take two months leave of absence, and he does not intend to ask the Democratic side for a pair. He thinks that as the Republicans have denounced him from his own side of the Chamber he owes them nothing, and will, therefore, not go out of his way to protect their slender majority.

Texas Border.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—There is great excitement at San Eleizaro in El Paso country in consequence of the killing of four men belonging to a mob who recently killed Judge Howard and forced a surrender of the Texas Rangers. The U. S. troops assisted the Rangers to arrest the mob. The rangers then lynched two men. The government informs Texas that troops will not be furnished for such purposes again.

War News

LONDON, Dec. 27. —The Servians captured two Turkish fortresses.

Turkish prisoners at Bogat are dying from cold and it is impossible to aid them. The war feeling in Turkey is intensified by the rejection vote for mediation.

Thirty thousand Servians with 120 guns are investing Nicsic.

Washington Matters.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27.—It is reported here that the President will again send the names of Roosevelt and Prince to the Senate for the New York appointment.

Schurz will not resign but he may be removed.

A report is current here that Conkling and Evarts will compromise upon the basis of Schurz leaving the Cabinet.

Preparations are being made for the silver wedding of President Hayes.

It is believed that Senator Patterson will resign and be succeeded in office by Wade Hampton.

Rebellion.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—The *Star and Herald* of Panama says that a rebellion broke out at Puntas Arenas which the Governor was at first unable to quell and which was organized solely for the purpose of executing Captain Guizalde, Chief of the garrison. The rebels, after cruelly assassinating the Captain, set fire to the buildings, including the hospital with all the patients in it, stole seven thousand dollars from the treasury and robbed all the commercial houses. In the confusion they were killing each other. Of the houses composing the colony only about half remain standing. The total number killed is forty, with fourteen wounded.

Collision—Two Men Killed.

CHEYENNE, Dec. 26.—Express train No. 4 and freight train No. 7 collided one mile east of the city at 4 o'clock this afternoon. A dense fog prevailed at the time, and neither saw the other's approach until they were within 100 yards of each other. The engineer and fireman of the express, after putting on the air brakes, jumped from the engine and escaped, the first with a dislocated ankle the other uninjured. Michael Maguire, the engineer of the freight, had both legs cut off and died two hours later. Michael Callahan, his fireman, was killed instantly. Conductor Curtis, who was on the engine with them, saved his life by jumping from the foot-board. No one else was injured, and but several cars wrecked, the trains having at the time of collision, a speed of not more than ten miles an hour. Mr. Langdon the train dispatcher, is responsible for the accident, as he failed to hold No. 4 for No. 7 until it was too late to stop her.

HOW IT OCCURRED.

The west-bound overland emmigrant train, due here at 3 P.M. yesterday, was delayed, owing to a heavy train and the intense cold, a few stations east of Cheyenne. Conductor Curtis and engineer Maguire received orders to run to Cheyenne regardless of train 4, which was the east-bound express that arrived here at 3:20 P.M. and left at 3:40. When the order was given the dispatcher, judging from the time the emigrant train was making, thought it would easily reach Cheyenne before the train left, and evidently thought no more about it, for when the conductor of the express asked for orders he was told there was none.

As the train was leaveing the yard the dispatcher, W. C. Langdon, glanced at his order book and realized his fatal mistake. He sprang into the office of Superintendent Davis, who on hearing what was the matter, ran down the track in the hope of stopping the train but he was too late and a minute latter the crash came.

Japan.

PARIS, Dec. 27.—The Moniteur states that Japan has denounced all commercial treaties and assumed her right to revise custom duties at pleasure.

Russian Prize.

A Russian official dispatch states that the steamer Russland, commanded by Adjutant Baronaff, has returned to Sebastopol from a cruise in the Bosphorus, bringing with him as a prize the Turkish transport steamer Messina with 700 Turkish troops on board.

Don Carlos.

The French Government has requested Don Carlos to leave France and he has started for the frontier.

Death of Nathan Coombs.

NAPA, Dec. 27. — Hon. Nathan Coombs, a pioneer, and for many years a prominent Republican politician, died at his residence near this city last night.

Russia.

LONDON, Dec. 28.—England has confidentially sounded Russia on her required terms of peace. Russia has not been as reserved as expected. She is sounding the Mediterranean States as to their disposition relative to the opening of the Dardanelles.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 28. —The Porte's request for mediation is declined.

BELGRADE, Dec. 28.—In answer to a protest Servia assures Austria that she will not trouble Bosnia.

The "Huron."

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—The report on the Huron disaster states that a man named Evan O'Neill saw the beginning of the disaster and watched it for over an hour, not making an effort to aid them. He had ample facilities to notify the life-saving station close by. All the bodies were stripped of valuables when washed ashore.

Murder.

FARMVILLE, (Va.), Dec. 28.—Colonel Wm. Randolph, of Berkeley, an eminent lawyer, was shot dead by Capt. Wm. H. Kennedy, yesterday, who tried afterwards to commit suicide.

The Silver Bill.

WASHINGTON, Dec 28.—The vote in the Senate on the Silver Bill will be exceedingly close. The opponents of the bill claim 26 votes, just enough to to sustain a veto.

The House Committee will likely report in favor of the Income Tax Bill.

Terrible Suffering.

BUCHAREST, Dec. 29.—It is impossible to procure full information regarding the condition of the Russian and Roumanian soldiers and the Turkish prisoners who were on their way to Bucharest during the snow storm, but from disconnected details which have come to hand it is evident there has been terrible suffering.

Preparing for the Worst.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29—A London special says: In English military circles war is considered to be inevitable. Arrangements are completed and regiments allotted for an army of 80,000 men, and steps are already taken toward the formation of a nucleus for a reserve army. There is great depression in trade and finance.

War Rumors.

CHICAGO, Dec. 29.—A *Times* London special says: Vast supplies of canned food are being shipped to Malta. It is said that 60,000 India troops are prepared to move at call. That Egypt either by force or purchase will be taken possession of is a contingency liable and almost certain to occur. It is urged that the present is the most favorable time for war, owing to the vast number of unemployed men who would enlist to escape starvation.

Bismark's Designs on France, Etc.

LONDON, Dec. 29.—Information from Berlin is to the effect that Bismarck is determined to break up the French Exposition. To accomplish this he will urge Russia to demand impracticable terms so as to necessitate English interference. Germany will then send a force to aid Russia. France, he believes, will not resist the opportunity to attack Germany, whereupon he would turn on France and complete the work begun in the Franco-Prussian war, and which did not leave France sufficiently broken to suit the interests of Germany.

From the tone of the English and continental press, a war involving the greater portion of Europe is very liable to be the outcome of the present situation.

The Union Pacific.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—The *Times* says: If any of our readers are fascinated with the notion that subsidy giving is a profitable exercise of power by the United States Government, they would do well to watch the history of the relations of the Government to the Union Pacific Railroad Company. They will find that the Company resists at every point the claims of the Government, and thinks no plea too slight to interpose against reimbursing the money nominally loaned by the latter. The case against the Union Pacific comes up in the United States Circuit Court in Boston, in which the United States sue for five per cent. of the net earnings required to be paid by the road. The demand is resisted on the ground that, though the road was sufficiently completed to be entitled to the subsidy loan, it was not sufficiently completed to justify the Government in demanding the commencement of repayment. Another ground of resistance is that "net earnings" in law means earnings after all the interest has been paid. These are two points the Company will engage the most expensive legal talent to maintain. There is not, and never has been on its part, the first intention of dealing honorably with the Treasury, by the aid of which its splendid property was built up.

Chandler and the President—Newspaper Comments.

CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—The comments of newspapers in western cities on Chandler's letter attacking the President and Cabinet are unfavorable to Chandler. The *Tribune* attributes it to Chandler's not being recognized by the President and declares that all the charges contained in it have already been abundantly answered, some by Chandler himself, and that if his statement of facts is correct, he writes himdown as a villain.

The *Times* in its dispatches, and editorially, regards it as a manifesto which is put forward by Conkling and other anti-Administrationists as the first of a series which are expected to annihilate the President and perhaps drive him from his seat in the White House by means of investigutions into the methods by which he obtained it.

The *Inter-Ocean* regards the letter as a strong document and carefully examines its charges and sums up by saying that, prima facie, the document should make the American people hang their heads in shame for the honor and good name of this government.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* is especially severe on Chandler for apostacy, inconsistency and misrepresentation, and comes out squarely in support of the President against such attacks.

England and Russia.

LONDON, Dec. 30.—Russia will gain her terms of peace even at the risk of war with England.

The dismemberment of the Turkish Empire is quite evident.

The British fleet have removed from Besika Bay.

Leading English papers endorse the course England has pursued thus far.

Sherman.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30. — Secretary Sherman is here investigating the government officers and obtaining views of financiers on the silver question.

Fremont.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30.—Gen. Fremont denies the claim of the Government for $3000 overpaid and claims $5000 not paid.

D. O. Mills will leave here for home soon.

Mexico.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—It is quite clear that no war against Mexico is contemplated by the Cabinet. Diaz will be recognized soon, as he demonstrates his ability to control Mexicans.

Hayes.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—The President is determined to persevere in his course of action. He sees no cause to change a commissioner. He is opposed to any change in the tax on tobacco and whiskey.

MUST BE HARD PRESSED.

"An old trapper says this is going to be a very cold winter on the other side of the continent. Even the muskrats are building storm doors on their residences." The Boston *Post* declares that people must indeed be hard pressed to exercise their superstitions if they will entertain prophecy second-hand from a musk-rat. The amphibious wretch has no truth in him, and even his selfishness and possibly low cunning cannot supply the place of those intuitive endowments, those backward signalings of fate and futurity that distinguish some of the more honorable specimens of the rodent family, the ground-hog for example. The musk-rat knows no more of what is ahead of him than does the dwarf-rat. The latter is said to desert a sinking ship, but he does it on the basis of positive evidence and not by any swift penetration of the mystical veil that divides his present condition from his destiny. In other words, not until the ship begins to sink does the prophetic knowledge with which he is credited come to his aid, and by that time he is no wiser than the human beings whose fortunes are entrusted to the same craft. But the musk-rat is an even baser churl. As the wrecker builds a light upon the shore to lure to the trusting mariner upon the rocks so does the musk-rat habitually strengthen his storm doors when materials are handy in order that the farmers may fill their cribs more bountifully with the tempting maize, for all is grist that comes to the mill of this degenerate buccaneer. When a thief fortifies his den the natural inference is that he is preparing a raid against the peace and security of others; and as the musk-rat more essentially shines as a thief than in any other capacity, we would tell the farmers to doubly guard their corn-houses and grain-bins, and the housewives to fortify their cellars with abatis of brick and cement and chevaux-de-frise of sharpest steel in the shape of double-toothed traps, for this villain cares not for the sanctity of home, and is as ready to attack a preserve dish as an ear of corn or a spring chicken. Let not reverence for the phropetic power that he assumes to have interfere with justice.

The Yolo Democrat.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.,

THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1878.

DESTINY.

BY LETITIA F. STIMSON.

We parted! and the hand of fate,
With iron will and stern decree,
Still held our destinies apart,
While sailing o'er life's troubled sea.

We drifted on through weary years,
Through days of gloom and summer shine,
And broken ties and falling tears
Have been thy lot as well as mine.

And bygone mem'ry slumbered deep,
Buried, methought, 'neath Lethe's stream;
The future but a dreary waste—
The past a brief but happy dream.

In fortune's smile, or darker frown,
Fond mem'ry struggled to be free,
But fetters held the captive down—
The mighty power of Destiny.

And now "thou'rt near and yet so far,"
Sweet friendship's tie may bind us yet;
The past is but a troubled dream
That each must struggle to forget.

FANCHETTE, THE GOAT OF BOULAINVILLIERS.

AN EPISODE OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

When the German army inclosed in its iron grasp the most brilliant and pleasure-loving city of Europe, transforming in a moment its epicurean population into a people of heroes, the environs once so gay and beautiful had experienced a change almost as great. Most of the detached villas were deserted or occupied by the enemy, and the villages, whose regular inhabitants had either taken refuge in Paris or fled to a distance, were repopulated by a singular assemblage of individuals belonging to all classes of society, and bound together by the tie of a common nationality, and the necessity of finding a shelter and providing for their daily wants.

The hamlet of Boulainvilliers, which had been thus abandoned, had received an entirely new colony, and its beautiful avenue, carpeted with turf of the most lovely green, had all the appearances of a camp. As long as the season would permit, cooking was carried on in the open air, and groups were constantly to be seen surrounding the fires and exchanging accounts of their mutual misfortunes.

A painter of Fleurs, bearing the English or rather Scotch name of MacHenry, was among the refugees. He had brought with him from Colombes, where he had before resided, a remarkably beautiful white goat called Fanchette. This creature, to which her master was very much attached, figures in most of his pictures. Light and graceful as a gazelle, she is represented sometimes cropping delicately the green branches of the hedgerows and bushes, and contrasting well with the snowy whiteness of her skin.

Fanchette was a universal favorite; and few there were at Boulainvilliers who would not have deprived themselves of a morsel of the bread sometimes so hard to procure, that they might reserve a mouthful for the goat, which, however, the saucy thing would only accept from her particular friends.

The grace and rare intelligence of the animal frequently relieved the miseries of the siege. All were surprised at the wonderful education her master had succeeded in giving her. He had even taught her something of his art; and it was really extraordinary to see the sensible creature busily employed in arranging pebbles on the ground, so as to form a rude resemblance to a human profile, often grotesque enough, but still such as one occasionally sees on human shoulders; and looking at her work, one could not help thinking that after all the lower animals are perhaps not so inferior to us as we suppose.

The art with which Fanchette selected from a bunch of flowers each one that was named to her was really marvellous. Roses, wallflowers, tulips, camellias, were promptly chosen from the number, and it was rare indeed that she made the least mistake. Two centuries ago they would have burned the poor beast for a witch.

The exercise which she preferred to all others consisted in catching on her horns a series of brass rings which her master threw up in the air. This she did with the greatest address; and when she had got a dozen or so encircling her brow like a diadem, she would begin jumping and galloping and shaking her head to make them jingle, till over excited by their rough music, she would end by dancing in the most fantastic style on her hind feet, till tired at length with her exertions, she would bound towards her master and throw the rings his feet.

Among those who had found refuge in the hamlet was a child of five years old, called Marie, the daughter of a peasant whose farm had been burned by the invaders. She was an object of general interest in the little colony on account of her gentle manners, and the sweet but suffering expression of her pale infantine features. A year or two previously she had been so severely bitten in the arm by a vicious dog that the limb had to be amputated, and her constitution had never recovered the shock. Fanchette soon took a great fancy to the little girl; and the doctor having advised her to be fed as much as possible on milk, MacHenry offered that of the goat. It was beautiful to see the pleasure with which the affectionate creature took upon herself the office of nurse, and the avidity with which the child sucked in the grateful nourishment which was giving her new life. Fanchette became every day more and more attached to Marie. She rarely left her, except when wanted by her master for some new study; and when it was ended, and MacHenry set her at liberty, saying: "Now, be off to Marie," with what joy the creature bounded away, and how rejoiced was the little one to have again by her side her darling Fanchette! Nestling her head under the child's hand, a world of loving things were interchanged in their mute caresses.

It once happened that a lady having in her hand a crown of artificial ivy which she had picked up somewhere, probably the *debris* of a school *fete* during happier times placed it on the head of little Marie. Fanchette, rising on her hind legs, examined it with comical curiosity; and having made up her mind on the subject, scampered off to an old tree close by, around whose trunk the real ivy twined in thick and glossy wreaths, butted it with her horns, twisting it round them; and tearing off long trailing garlands. She then ran back in triumph to throw her treasures at the child's feet, saying clearly as if she had the gift of speech: "Look! This is better than the coarse imitation they have decked you with; this is the real thing!"

Another day the child was looking at herself in a mirror, and Fanchette immediately began to do the same. The expression of sadness and wonder in her eyes seemed to say so plainly: "Why are Marie and I so different? If I were like her I could speak to her, and then we could love each other still better!"

One evening Marie, who was sitting by her mother's side, began to fidget and complain of an uneasy sensation in her back. Her mother, busily engaged with some work, and thinking the child was only disposed to be troublesome, examined it slightly and told her to be quiet; but the poor little thing continued to complain, when the mother, getting out of temper, gave her a sharp slap. Fanchette, who was present at this scene, presented her horns in a threatening attitude to the woman, and gently stroked the shoulders of her little friend with her foot. At the sight of the dumb animal's eloquent appeal, the woman began to relent, and calling the child to her, examined more carefully the state of things, when she found to her horror, one of those large and poisonous caterpillrrs called in French *processionnaires*, which had painfully irritated the delicate skin of the child.

It was about this time that MacHenry, continuing his artistic labors in spite of all the difficulties of the situation, resolved on taking for the subject of a new picture his goat Fanchette nursing the little Marie, Fanchette lent herself with her usual intelligence and docility to his wishes; and Marie was represented lying among grass and flowers with her four-footed friend bending over her. This picture, which was afterwards regarded as one of MacHenry's best works, obtained the most signal success at the Paris Exhibition of modern art—the truthfulness of the design, the freshness of the coloring, and the grace of the composition being equally striking.

But these bright autumn days soon passed away, and many may recollect the bitter cold of the sad Christmas of that dismal winter. Poor little Marie suffered so severely from it, that after a vain attempt to recall some warmth by lighting a fire of brushwood, the only fuel that could be procured, her mother, as a last resource, put her on to her little bed, in the hope that by heaping upon her all the clothing she could procure, the child might regain a little heat; but it was in vain; no heat came; and the blood had almost ceased to circulate in her frozen limbs. At this moment Fanchette arrived, and without waiting for an invitation sprang upon the bed. It was in vain they tried to drive her away; she only clung the closer to her nursling, and covering the child with her body, soon restored her to warmth and animation.

There was one among the temporary inhabitants of Boulainvilliers for whom Fanchette entertained an unmitigated aversion; this was a knife-grinder of the name of Massicault. His appearance was certainly not calculated to produce a favorable impression, for his features were repulsive and his expression disagreeable. A low forehead, a scowling eye, and a short, thick-set figure were the principal physical traits of this personage; nor were they redeemed by those of his moral character. He had for his constant companion a large ill-favored bull-dog with a spiked collar, who seemed to share all the evil instincts of his master. Every one wondered how the knife-grinder managed to feed this animal at a time when it was so hard to find the merest necessaries of life for human beings—and that too without ever seeming to do a hand's turn of work; for all day long he was lounging about, and it was rare indeed to hear the noise of his wheel. When any one alarmed at the threatening aspect of the brute—who never failed to growl and show his fangs when approached—asked his master to call him off, Massicault used only to reply with an ill-natured laugh: "He has not begun yet to eat such bits morsels as you; but there's no saying what he may do one of these days!"

MacHenry was sorry that his goat partook of the general dislike to this man. He would have rather wished that she should have tried by her winning caresses to soften his rugged nature and bring him to love the gentle creature that had gained all other hearts; but as we shall see in the sequel, things turned out very differently.

On one of the last fine days of that sad year, a crowd having gathered round her while her master was amusing himself by exhibiting her intelligence in the selection of the fruit and flowers he named, in which she had acquitted herself with her usual sagacity, MacHenry bade her fetch an apple. There were some still hanging on a tree in a neighboring garden; but instead of running off as usual to the well-known place, she went right up to the knife-grinder, and pushing aside with her paws the skirts of his coat, displayed two pockets stuffed with something, which the crowd, amid shouts of laughter, declared to be stolen apples. The artist tried to call off his goat, and the man drove her away with curses; but two vigorous peasants immediately laid hold of him and insisted on seeing the contents of the suspicious pockets; which proved to be, as all had supposed, apples stolen from the tree in question. The discovery only increased the rage of Massicault, who swore with the most fearful oaths that he had never touched one of them, and that the apples found in his possession had been given to him by a friend. Though none believed him, several, in order to get rid of a disagreeable affair, feigned to do so, and he was finally let off; but many thought they had thus got a clue to the authorship of several robberies recently committed to the prejudice of different members of the little community.

This misadventure excited in the knife-grinder a violent hatred against Fanchette, which was heartily shared by his worthy companion, the bull-dog. The latter was an object of special terror to poor little Marie. Fanchette seemed to understand the fears of the child, and whenever the dog approached her she would lower her horns, as if to protect her nursling, and defy her enemy. These demonstrations of valor were generally successful, the dog slinking off with glaring eyes and drooping tail.

One day Fanchette nestled up close to her master, putting her foot upon his arm, and having succeeded in gaining his attention, ran off to a particular spot, where she stopped to sniff the grass, and then trotting back she renewed several times the same manœuvre. MacHenry, persuaded that something extraordinary must be the matter, rose and followed her. When she reached the spot, putting aside, like a terrier dog, the lose herbage with her feet, she displayed to view a leather pocket-book which the artist picked up and examined. An instant sufficed to show that it belonged to the knife-grinder, and its contents proved that this man was one of the numerous spies the Germans had constantly and everywhere in their service. He found besides in this pocket-book, pushed under the covering, the picture of a child, one of those common photographs which have no other merit than a certain resemblance.

The very day that the pocket-book was found a frightful scene took place. Little Marie was sitting on a low stool eating a morsel of bread, which she was sharing with Fanchette, when the bull-dog chanced to pass. The animal stopped for a moment, and looked at her; then as if overcome by the temptation, he suddenly darted at her and snatched at the bread. He was prevented, however, by the goat, and with a toss of her horns she sent the ferocious beast sprawling to some distance; but he was only stunned, not seriously hurt; and furious at his repulse, he sprang upon the poor goat, seized her by the throat, and shook her with rage. Marie uttered a piercing shriek, and MacHenry, having got hold of a stick, ran to the rescue. A sharp blow on the head caused the dog to lose his grip of poor Fanchette, and turn against his new enemy, seizing him by the shoulder, but a peasant coming to the assistance of the artist, forced the dog again to let go; and limping off and growling, he at last took refuge beside his master, who all the while had been an unmoved spectator of the scene.

Great was the general grief at the sight of poor Fanchette motionless on the grass, bleeding profusely from the wound in her throat; and strong the indignation excited by the ferocity of the dog and the conduct of his brutal master. Many were the threats muttered against both; and there is little doubt that the dog at least would soon have paid the penalty he deserved had Fanchette's wound been mortal; but on examination it was found to be less serious than it appeared, and her master's care of her soon effected a complete cure. The inhabitants of the hamlet, however, resolved not to let slip the opportunity for getting rid of the obnoxious knife-grinder. This ill-favored individual was received whenever he showed himself with cries of "Be off, and quickly, too, and be thankful we do not throttle your wretch of a dog first."

Unable to resist the general storm of indignation, the man and his worthy companion were about to take their departure; but they had hardly reached the entrance to the village, when they were met by a party bringing along with them an orphan boy of about six or seven years of age, whose parents had been murdered some days previously in one of the detached cottages of the neighborhood which some still ventured to inhabit. The child, at the sight of the knife-grinder and his dog, uttered a loud cry and covered his eyes with his hands.

"What is the matter, my poor little fellow?" asked one of the by-standers. At length he was able with difficulty to reply, his words interrupted with deep sobs: "That man! that dog! It was they that killed my mother! I saw it all from behind the curtain in which I was hid."

Every one looked in astonishment of his neighbor, not knowing whether to believe the strange assertion of the child; When MacHenry produced the pocket-book and informed those around him of its contents. The child immediately cried out that it was his mother's; and had any doubt remained it would have been dispelled by looking at the portrait that was contained in it, for its resemblance to the poor little boy was striking.

In presence of such proof, there could be no hesitation, and two men immediately set off in pursuit of the fugitive; but he had already got a considerable advance, and fear lent him wings, so that before they could reach him he had gained the protection of the German outposts. He did not succeed, however, in evading the fate he merited, for shortly after the news arrived that the wretched man had fallen into the hands of a detachment of French *francstireurs*, and having been convicted of being concerned in the burning of a barn was immediately condemned and shot.

MacHenry adopted the orphan boy, and never had cause to repent of his generous action. "I have now two children," he used gaily to say: "for my gentle, intelligent Fanchette is almost as dear to me as if she were a human creature."—*From Chambers' Journal.*

Horrible Affair at a Reformatory.

We are informed that the most horrible discoveries have been made in the Jamaica Reformatory for native boys, which is situated on a hill about nine miles from Kingston. Some time ago, under the governorship of Sir William Grey, a Baptist clergyman was appointed superintendent of the reformatory, with a salary of £400 a year, besides a house and other perquisites. But these appear not to have been sufficient for the reverend gentleman, who applied the food allotted for the 400 poor boys under his charge to fattening pigs for the market. Meanwhile the little wretches were starved and growing desperate—they actually fought with the pigs for the food thrown to them. The miserable creatures were neglected in every possible way. A nasty insect, called a tick, well known to every traveler in the tropics, burrowed into their feet, and, as the doctor had to look after his private patients, the wounds, which if examined in time would have been trifling, became so serious that amputation of the toes or feet was necessary in no less than eighty cases. Starved and neglected, the lads became unruly. The offenders were then shackled together in pairs and consigned to cells, where some were forgotten for three days and left without food or drink. All this came to light by mere accident. The boys were intrusted with knives to cut down some guinea grass outside, in charge of one warden only; they naturally used their liberty to satisfy the cravings of hunger by plundering the neighboring gardens. The owners did not dare interfere, but reported the matter to the Governor. This led to investigation and reform, and we understand that Lord Carnarvon has, in a strongly worded dispatch, denounced this horrible affair as a disgrace to the colony and the whole Government.—*Vanity Fair.*

A gentleman about to die called his servant, Sambo, to his bedside, and and sighed out: "Ah, I'm going a long journey." "Never mind, massa, him all the way down the hill, and you soon reach the end," replied Sambo, endeavoring to console him.

THE first signs of a mustache are a little down on the mouth.

Dead and Yet Alive.

ROMANTIC ADVENTURES OF AN OLD LADY IN DREAMLAND.

While the extreme reticence of the dramatis personæ make it hard to get at the minute particulars of the strange events told below, the main facts of the narrative are even given on undoubted authority, and the story is believed to be in its essential particulars strictly true. In a family of excellent social position residing not a thousand miles from Boston, the wedding of a young daughter was but a few days distant. Notes of preparation precursory of the glad event re-echoed in the family mansion; busy fingers put the finishing touches on the bridal outfit; the tongues of the women folks rattled with plans for future consummation; the drawing-room mirrors reflected no faces unwreathed with smiles. Great frolic the young people made over the coming marriage, and a merrier, happier household would have been hard to find. On the night in question jollity was unusually rife. This was the evening when the preliminary rehearsal for the ceremony was taking place, and in the parlors of the to-be bride and bridesmaids were practicing their parts in the important programme for the day, disturbed only by the door-bell's jingle now and then as as some new present for the bride reached the house. It was a gay and boisterous company, and scarce a corner of the ample mansion was there unreached by the voices—now chattering, now laughing,—of the merry party in the parlors. Yes, the cheerful sounds, though half subdued, found their way even into the upper room where sat the, dear grandmother of the expectant bride, brisk in spite of her eighty or ninety years, and reminding her of such a time of joy in her own youth, not so long gone by, brought to her face smiles which lingered in peaceful serenity. And her son, a man well along in life, seated for companionship by her side, heard them, too, and was happy at the hearing.

AN INTERVAL OF SILENCE

Came by chance in the conversation which had been going on by the mother and son; both were listening to the revelry below. A moment later the son looked up, and his lips parted to again address his mother. As he did so, the words died away unuttered, and he sprang to his feet. A strange fixed stare was in the eyes of his mother; her head dropped upon her breast; below the cap which covered the gray hair, the mouth, from the dropping of the jaw, was wide open, yet gave forth neither voice nor breath; her wan hands were clinched; she had fallen back in her chair. He spoke to her; there was no answer; only the glassy eyes and the motionless mouth. He placed his hands upon her face and limbs; they were cold and rigid; her pulse gave no responsive throb to the pressure of his thumb; in vain he listened for the beating of her heart. The old lady was dead. And outside the November wind whistled, and up from below stole the laughter and gayety of the rollickers practicing for the marriage. "In the midst of life we are in death." She was dead, and what was to be done? What was to become of the wedding which the next day but one was to see? Could a bride issue in marriage garments from a house in which her own kin lay robed for burial? Horrible! and yet how cruel to turn the gladness of the household into mourning, and get ready for the bride on her wedding morning a veil of black instead of white. Such must have been the thoughts of the son as he stood beside his dead mother. And there was no abatement in the mirth and frolicking in the parlor. How awful to dampen the spirits of buoyant company with news of the death. What a shock for the light-hearted bride. Could he not keep the sad fact from her, from them all, until the morrow, at least? Was it possible? He would try. Yet, determined as he was, not to spoil the happiness of the evening, the offices of death must be performed, and these he could not do alone. He went down stairs as though nothing had happened, and summoning his wife unnoticed from the parlor, broke the news to her and regained with her the room up stairs. To have sent for assistance in laying out the corpse would have been to alarm the household. Man and wife laid her out as quietly as possible themselves. By the time the remains were disrobed, washed and covered with a sheet, the company down stairs had disbursed. The bride had gone to her chamber unconscious of her grandmother's death. It would be time enough to tell her in the morning, poor thing. A board was then got and on it was placed the old lady. The windows were thrown open, that the chill night air might assist in preserving the remains. The door was locked upon the corpse alone in the cold and darkness, and the tired workers sought rest. There was an awful stillness through the house, but the bride was asleep, unconscious of the grief and disappointment which was to be hers in the morning. None but the two helpmates knew that the stillness was the awful hush of death.

FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE.

The sun the next day streamed early into through the open window of the apartment where the dead woman lay, and the sheet which concealed her pallid form moved gently at intervals with the wind that came in with the sunbeams. The husband and wife were in the room with the corpse; they had hurried to get up to perfect the arrangements for the funeral. In low tones they were discussing what must be done. The undertaker and minister must be notified, the time for the interment set, the mourning dress ordered—and the bride and the rest of the family must be told! "Yes," said the son, "and now about the casket; I shall have to give the undertaker an idea of the length, I suppose;" and both at this involuntarily—as if to take the measurement—turned their eyes to the sheet, which, with its folds, outlined the still figure beneath. As they did so, horror seized both. The woman shrieked; the hair of the man—not figuratively, but literally—stood on end. They saw the corpse kick up her heels convulsively, and with a few lusty kicks threw off the sheet which a moment before had covered her gelid limbs. Then like fabled Tim Finnegan at the wake the remains sat upright, ghastly ghostly and frightful to see. The two started in terror at the startling sight, but the corpse did not leave them long on suspense. On the contrary, she seemed in the highest degree undisturbed by the situation. Her lips no longer colorless, moved, and a voice and a request, each as natural as the day, came from the dear old dead woman. "Give me some drink," she said. And she knew she had been restored to life! Nobody was dead. The bride needn't be told; the wedding would not be postponed. Recovered their senses enough to interrogate and look after her, the frightened gentleman and his wife assured themselves that she was, indeed, not dead. Spite of the twelve hours' exposure in the sheet to the cold, her body showed no effects of it, but was as warm as though she had passed the night in her bed. Asked how she felt, the good old dame replied, "Never had a more comfortable night's sleep in my life." She was totally ignorant of what had happened to her, and they let her remain so. It was an undoubted case of suspended animation. On the day following the wedding occured, with nothing to hint at how near it had come to being a funeral. At the reception a sweet old lady sat in her easy chair, chipper as a squirrel, in her best black silk and spick-span clean white cap. It was the bride's grandmother, the corpse of the morning before!—*Boston Globe.*

An Unknown Land.

On the outskirts of the British colony of Guiana is one of the greatest marvels and mysteries of the earth, and yet British travelers and British Alpine clubs, so far, have left the mystery unsolved, the marvel unnoticed and uncared for. There is a great table-land, of unknown extent, composed, as its perpendicular sides disclose, of pink and white and red sandstone, interbedded with red shale, rising to the height of five thousand one hundred feet above the sea-level; of this two thousand feet are sheer and perpendicular, in the bright sapphire skies of the tropics. Its top is forest crowned. The highest waterfall in the world pours down from its summit, of which one single cascade is two thousand feet in unbroken descent. So far as known, only two parties of civilized explorers have ever reached so much as the base of this unapproachable mystery—Sir Rob't Schomburgk, many years ago, and a short time ago an Englishman by the name of Brown, who, with a companion, visited it in 1869. These two parties viewed it on opposite sides.

And now Englishmen of science are speculating as to what would be found at the top. The remains of a former creation? Why not? There is a dense forest on the top, but of what trees can it be composed? At the height of fifty-one hundred feet they cannot be the same as those at the base. For how many thousand years has this huge isolated area of sandstone had its own distinct flora? And then what can be its fauna? Can any of the birds of the lowlands ascend to its wooded tops? Except the vulture tribe no bird is known to go up higher than one thousand feet. Doubtless the whole of its animated inhabitants are as distinct as its vegetation. Is it occupied by human beings? Why not?

The summit, Mr. Brown states, is utterly inaccessible except by means of balloons. This is a question worth settling by some enterprising "Alpine" on the spot. But even if a balloon is necessary, surely it is worth while for some one of the scientific societies to organize a baloon expedition for the purpose of solving this first-class mystery. No one can tell what problem in natural science might not be thus elucidated. Here we have an area of considerable extent, within which the secular variations of species by natural selection—if there really is such a thing—must have gone on undisturbed since the very beginning of the present geological age in our planet's existence. Where can we find a field better worth exploring for testing some of the wild theories that agitate so many speculative minds and drive our reverened Cooks to the verge of despair.—*Commonwealth.*

A Youthful Queen Opens Parliament.

Sumner described Queen Victoria's opening of parliament, in her youth, as follows: The Queen entered, attended by the great officers of state, with her heavy crown on her head, the great guns sounding and the trumpet adding to the glow of the scene. She took her seat with sufficient dignity, and in an inaudible voice directed the commons to be summoned. In the meantime all eyes were directed to her. Her countenance was flushed, her hands moved on the golden arms of the throne, and her fingers twitched in her gloves. There she was a Queen; but a Queen's nerve and heart, are those of a woman, and she showed but little nervousness and restlessness, which amply vindicated her sympathy with us all. And yet she bore herself well, and many, whose eyes were not so observing as you know mine are, did not note these pleasing tokens. I was glad to see them, more by far than if she had sat as if cut in alabaster. The commons came in with a thundering rush, their speaker at their head. Her majesty then commenced reading her speech, which had been previously handed to her by the lord chancellor. It was a quarter or a third through before she could get her voice so that I could understand her. In the paragraph about Belgium I first caught all that she said, and every word of the rest of her speech came to me in as silvery accents as I have ever heard. You well know I had no disposition to admire the Queen, or anything that proceeds from her, but her reading has conquered my judgment. I was astonished and delighted. Her voice was sweet and finely modulated and she prononnced every word slowly and distinctly, with a just regard to its meaning. I think I have never heard anything better read in my life than was her speech, and I could but respond to Lord Fitzwilliam's remark to me when the ceremony was over, "How beautifully she preforms."

FEAR OF DEATH.—It is said of the late Dr. Arnold that, finding one of his children had been greatly shocked and overcome by the first sight of death, he tenderly endeavored to remove the feeling which had been awakened, and, opening a Bible, pointed to the words: "Then cometh Simon Peter following him and went into the sepulcher, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the napkin that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself." "Nothing," he said, "to his mind affords us such comfort, when shrinking from the outward accompaniments of death—the grave, the grave-clothes, the loneliness—as the thought that all of these had been around our Lord himself—round him who died, and is now alive forever more.

A WOMAN consumes thirty-six buttons on her single pair of kid gloves; whereas a man buttons his suspenders with a shingle-nail. And yet folks will ask, "Button, button—who's got the button?"—*Worcester Press.*

Dangers in Damp Houses.

A writer in the English journal, *Public Health*, has the following points which should be borne in mind by all home makers: It is a common notion that the country is more healthy than the town, and we readily grant that, in elements of pure air and quiet, the country has advantages; but it is not true to affirm that the country is *always* the healthiest. As Dr. Bartlett says, if an old resident rebuilds his house, he does so on the old site, for the sake of association or more urgent motives. The site may be mrashy, always saturated, or badly drained; yet it is considered preferable by the old occupant. Again the city merchant who retires into the country selects a secluded spot, surrounded by trees; it may be badly drained, but being in the country it is considered above suspicion—on sanitary grounds, at all events. If a homestead is contemplated, the farm buildings will be placed close to the house, and the farm-yard so near the windows that the effluvium of the manure is constantly the evil to be borne, if not grumbled at. All that affects the substratum, the drainage of the soil and position of the house, is too generally disregarded in the idea of enjoying country air. The proximity of a farm house is even, by some people, imagined to be conducive to health, so singularly ignorant of sanitary laws are they. Most country cottages have pig-sties, and the floors of these are a prolific source of nuisance; but occupants are under the impression that the unpleasant and pungent smell that is engendered is not harmful. In fact, it is strange to find that a country air strongly and constantly diluted with noxious gases is believed by many to be healthier than a town air free from these nuisances. But land-drainage is, perhaps, even more a source of unsanitariness in country districts. In 1852 a sanitary report was published, in which certain propositions were laid down, showing that "excess of moisture, even on lands not evidentally wet, is a cause of fogs and damps;" that "dampness serves as the medium of conveyance for any decomposing matter that may be evolved, and adds to the injurious effect of such matter in the air; in other words, the excess of moisture may be said to increase or aggravate success of impurities in the atmosphere;" that "the evaporation of the surplus moisture lowers temperature, produces chills, and creates or aggravates the sudden, injurious changes of temperature by which health is injured." Now these propositions have reference to conditions that exist more largely in rural than town districts. Malarial disease, tuberculous consumption, typhoid fever, and various other functional diseases, are well known to spring from a high level of ground-saturation. Wherever this condition of ground moisture has been reduced by artificial means, these types of disease have been found to diminish in their intensity; and it is chiefly by the mists generated by this constant dampness that we must account for the aggravation of the symptoms in those maladies. It is a fact that the most fertile soils are those which give rise to zymotic diseases, while those of sand, chalk or gravel, and of a porous quality, are the healthiest.

Tragic Death of a Mason.

AN ASSEMBLAGE OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS AND LADIES AWE-STRUCK IN A COMMANDERY.

Dr. W. J. Sawin of Chicopee Falls, fell dead of apoplexy in Masonic Hall last evening, at the opening of the meeting of Springfield Commandery of Knights Templars at which he was to have been installed as Eminent Commander. A large attendance of Knights was present, and quite a number of ladies were in the lower hall waiting for the exercises of installation, to which they were invited. This sudden and tragic event of course prevented any further exercises, and the assemblage gradually withdrew, stunned and awed and almost breathless.

Dr. Sawin, who was a large, full-blooded, muscular man, being an enthusiastic and efficient Mason, had held many offices. He had made extensive preparations for his installation last evening as Commander, and the approach of the evening found him in a flushed and excited condition. He ate a hearty supper at the Haynes House, and then hurried over to the hall leaving his wife to come a few minutes later. He was a trifle tardy, and ran hastily up three flights of stairs, becoming so flurried that those who spoke to him noticed his unusual appearance and bearing. The Commandery was to have a business meeting, after which the ladies gathered below were to be called in to witness the installation, and a banquet was to follow.

Mr. Sawin, who was Senior Warden of the Commandery, took his seat at the side of the Secretary's desk, and during the reading of the records was putting on a pair of kid gloves, when he leaned foward, breathed heavily two or three times, and tumbled dead into the arms of his startled associates. All possible efforts with electricity and otherwise were made in vain to resuscitate him. His wife was called from the hotel, and the spectators withdrew in impressive and solemn silence.

Dr. Sawin began to practice at Chicopee Falls before the war, being a native of Hancock, New Hampshire, and 44 years and 4 months old at his death. He enlisted as a private in the City Guard when it joined the Tenth Regiment, was transferred to a Vermont regiment and rapidly rose to be Surgeon-in-Chief of his brigade, in which capacity he remained to the close of the war, his total term of service being over three years. He was particularly fitted for army work, being an excellent surgeon, while his hale, good-natured words of encouragement and his deep, sincere sympathy were better than medicine to the sick. He had held pretty nearly all the prominent Masonic offices, being a Past Master of Belcher Lodge, a Past Senior Grand Warden, and a Permanent member of the Grand Lodge, and having been District Deputy Grand High Priest of the Chapter and District Deputy Grand Master of the Tenth Masonic District.—*Springfield Republicun.*

IN one of the suburban schools a teacher gave out the word "psalter" to a class in spelling. It was a poser to all till it reached the foot of the class, when a curley-headed little fellow spelled it correctly, and being asked to define it, shouted out, "More salt."

A WASHING-MACHINE peddler of three years' standing, who makes his headquarters in Burlington, wears with pride a watch-guard made of various-sized shot, which from time to time have been all picked out of his back and legs.—*Hawkeye.*

Wholesale Secret Poisoning of a Past Age.

The prevalance of secret poisoning was one of the most terrible phenomena of the age of Louis XIV. Such a height did this crime rise in France that Madame de Sevigne expressed a fear lest the name of Frenchman and poisoner might become synonymous. Two Italians, one of whom was named Exili, were discovered to carry on a regular traffic in poisons. They were cast into the Bastile; one died, Exili survived, and by means of his agents La Voisin and La Vigoureuse, two women, pretended fortune-tellers, and a priest named Le Sage, he continued to exercise his horrible calling, even during his imprisonment. One of the most celebrated causes arising out of this discovery was that of the Marquise de Brinvillers, who, by means of potions supplied by these miscreants, had destroyed her father, her two brothers, and her sister, besides many other people, even the poor and sick, among whom she had distributed poisoned food, probably for the purpose of testing the power of her drugs. Her accomplice in these crimes was a lover, named St. Croix, who perished of the fumes of a poison he was concocting. She was beheaded, and her body afterwards burned. About the same time a great number of persons of rank and wealth died suddenly under the most suspicious circumstances. The police were now set to work to investigate these events, and brought to light a system of wholesale poisoning, carried on by every grade of society, from the nobility down even to the peasantry, by means of the agents before named. Among the "great" people implicated in these crimes were the Comtesse de Soissons and the Duchesse de Bouillon, two nieces of Mazarin, the Duc de Luxembourg, etc. Nearly all were brought to trial before the Chambre Ardente. Many were dupes rather than criminals; but the facts elicited by the tribunal afforded an extraordinary picture of the superstition of the age, and of a general belief in spells, witchcraft, and other occult influences, even amongst the highest. The Comtesse de Soissons fled to Spain, where she attached herself to the young Queen, having been a great friend of her mother's, and whom, as it has been before stated, she was afterwards accused of poisoning. Whether the accusation was true or false has never been proved; but from that hour she became a wanderer, hated and shunned, even by her own son (the celebrated Prince Eugene), and died in absolute want. Her sister, the Duchesse de Bouillon, proved her connection with La Voisin and La Vigoreuse to have begun and ended in a consultation of those occult powers they were supposed to command.—*Temple Bar.*

One Thing Deaf Mutes Can Do.

A TEACHER OF TELEGRAPHING WHO SAYS THEY MAKE THE BEST OPERATORS.

Mr. J. C. Davis, of 302 West Thirtieth street, advertised yesterday for 100 deaf mutes to be made into telegraph operators. Nine years ago, he says, he taught a deaf mute named Hoffman telegraphy. Hoffman learned the art in less than three months, and became one of the most expert operators in the country, being at the time of his death the chief operator in the Mobile telegraph office. Mr. Davis has since taught twenty deaf and dumb persons, and says that they are almost invariably much quicker to learn than those persons who speak and hear, and make far better operators.

"I had a call from one to-day," he said, "who told me that he had been a bookbinder. He was at first very skeptical, but I convinced him of the ease with which he could learn by giving him one lesson. In three-quarters of an hour he knew more than half the Morse alphabet, and by referring occasionally to the alphabet written out for a guide, he could talk with me on the instrument with ease. Of twenty that I taught in Philadelphia, sixteen are now in London, where a number of them are in the telegraph department of the General Postoffice. Two of them have positions in Philadelphia, and one in Montgomery or Mobile, I don't know which. It is marvellous that deaf mutes should be able to use their sight as they do. There was one of my pupils with whom I could talk with my eyes. They are wonderfully quick and accurate. While they are receiving dispatches, which, of course, they do either by sight or touch, they are not disturbed by sounds or conversation, and are consequently less liable to make mistakes than a sound operator. I begin with this little instrument—a sounder—and teach them to hold the hand over the key in receiving, so that they may learn by the touch first. Of course there is one requisite to a first-class operator that I do not teach. He must be a rapid penman. After going through a course of three months' tuition he must spend a week or two in an office to learn the peculiarities of the manner of doing business in that office. Then if he is a rapid writer he is a good operator. I am teaching, of course, as a matter of business.—*N. Y. World.*

HOW THE FRENCH WORKMAN LIVES.—The French laborer probably gets more for his wages than any other. His food is cheaper and more nourishing. His bouillion is the liquid essence of beef at a penny per bowl. His bread at the restaurants is thrown in without any charge, and is the best bread in the world. His hot coffee and milk is peddled about the streets in the morning at a sou per cup. It is coffee, not slops. His half bottle of claret is thrown in at a meal costing twelve cents. For a few cents he may enjoy an evening's amusement at one of the many minor theaters, with his coffee free. Sixpence pays for a nicely cushioned seat at the theater. No gallery gods, no peanuts, pipe, smoke, drunkenness, yelling or howling. The Jarin des Planters, the vast galleries and the museums of the Louvre, Hotel Cluny, palace of the Luxembourg and Versailles are free for him to enter. Art and science hold out to him their choicest treasures at small cost, or no cost at all. French economy and frugality do not mean that constant retrenchment and self-denial which would deprive life of everything which makes it worth living for. Economy in France, more than in any other country, means a utilization of what America throws away, but it does not mean a pinching process of reducing life to a barren existence of work and bread and water.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, of Rochester, was recently elected constable in Colorado. The election will be contested on the ground of non-residence. It was foolish to elect her. Unless she has better luck in the future than she has in had the past, she will not be able to catch a man in 87 years.

WAPENTAKE.

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

Poet! I come to touch thy lance with mine:
Not as a knight, who on the listed field
Of tourney touched his adversary's shield,
In token of defiance, but in sign
Of homage to the mastery, which is thine
In English song; nor will I keep concealed,
And voiceless as a rivulet frost-congealed,
My admiration for thy versed vine,
Not of the howling dervishes of song,
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart!
Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.
—Atlantic

LAST NIGHT.

BY W. C. REED.

Last night I sat where the firelight
Flashed out at an open door;
Where the moonlight through the window
Fell softly across the floor;
I sat in a large armed rocker,
Rocking softly to and fro,
And, somehow, I fell to thinking
Of times, long, long ago.

Perhaps 'twas the self-same music
I heard in those happy days;
Perhaps 'twas the moonlight's splendor,
Or the firelight's fitful blaze;
The furniture; its position,
And the pictures on the wall;
Or, maybe the fair musician;
Perhaps a little of all.

But I shut my eyes and fancied
Years that have passed had not.
And that all was as I left it
In the old familiar spot;
That again I sat and listened,
To her singing as of yore;
But how I missed her low "Good night,"
And her sweet kiss at the door.

WEBSTERIAN REMINISCENCES.

LIFE PICTURES AND ANECDOTES.

MR. WEBSTER'S FRIEND, CAPT. THOMAS.

The intimacy and friendship between Capt. Thomas and Daniel Webster were peculiar. The Captain, though much Mr. Webster's senior, soon learned to look up to him with respect and admiration; he made Mr. Webster his Magnus Apollo, and at the same time entertained for him a sort of paternal affection. He deferred to Mr. Webster in all matters, excepting in some practical rules of farming, the nicer points of sporting and the habits of birds, wild fowl and fish—in all which matters the captain was Mr. Webster's instructor. Their association, always pleasant, grew into mutual affection, and Captain Thomas, who at Mr. Webster's suggestion, subscribed for the semi-weekly Columbian *Sentinel*, watched with intense interest Mr. Webster's course in the Senate as reported in that journal. In 1829–30 the good captain read Hayne's first speech. He waited in confidence for a triumphant reply. It came, and he was entirely satisfied. The faithful *Sentinel*, however, soon brought him Hayne's second speech. He read it with esteem and painful interest. It excited in him the gravest apprehensions for the idol of his old age. He was overwhelmed with grief. His hero, his great man, his beloved, almost worshipped friend, was overthrown in debate by his southern antagonist. The kind old gentleman's pride was humbled; he was in despair—his heart almost broken. Casting away the paper he rose and retired slowly to his room, directing some one to come and take his boots away, as he should never want them again. His family tried in vain to console him. He refused to be comforted. Like one of old he was ready to exclaim: "Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more!"

For three days he kept his bed, mourning over the fall of his friend and refusing all consolation. His eldest son tried to persuade him that Mr. Webster was able to defend the cause of New New England, and would yet have his triumph. His only reply was, "It can't be answered, Henry, it can't be answered."

The fatal semi-weekly *Sentinel* came again in due course. It was evening. Henry entered his father's room with paper and candle. The old man groaned, and asked what he wanted. Henry replied:

"Father I have brought you the *Sentinel*; I thought you might like to look at it."

"No, Henry, I don't want to see it."

"It contains a second speech of Mr. Webster, in reply to Col. Hayne."

"Oh, Henry!" said the old gentleman, "it is of no use, it can't be answered; I don't want to see it."

Henry lingered and seemed greatly distressed at his father's refusal. At last Capt. Thomas consented to have the paper and candle left, and said that perhaps he would look at it. Henry went down stairs and reported the apparently unsuccessful result of his mission; and the family drew closer around their winter fire more gloomily than before.

Some time had thus elapsed, when they were all suddenly startled by a tremendous shout from their father's room. They all rushed up stairs together to see what had happened. The captain was sitting on one side of the bed, with the paper in one hand and the candle in the other. As Henry entered, the captain roared out:

"Bring me my boots, Henry! Bring me my boots!"

Capt. Thomas' recovery was so complete that he never again suffered a relapse of that mental complaint.

DANIEL PRAYS AND IS PRAYED FOR.

John Colby was a harum-scarum, godless fellow, who married Webster's eldest half sister. Learning of his conversion, Webster who had not seen the man (much his senior by the way) since childhood called upon him for curiosity's sake to witness the change that conversion had wrought in him.

"Is it possible," said Mr. Colby, when the embarrassment of the first shock of recognition was past, "that you have come up here to see me? Is this Daniel? Why, I cannot believe my senses? Why Daniel, I read about you and hear about you in all ways. Your name seems to be constantly in all the newspapers. They say that you are a great man, and you can't tell how delighted I am when I hear such things. But, Daniel, the time is short—you won't stay here long—I wont to ask you one important question. You may be a *great* man; are you a *good* man? Are you a Christian man? Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ? That is the only question that is worth asking or answering. You know, Daniel, what I have been. I have been one of the wickedest of men. But the Spirit of Christ and Almighty God has come down and plucked me as a brand from the everlasting burning. If you do not love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth all your *worldly* honors will sink to utter nothingness. Are you a Christian? Do you love Christ? You have not answered me?"

All this was said in the most earnest and even vehement manner.

"John Colby," replied Mr. Webster, "you have asked me a very important question, and one which should not be answered lightly. I intend to give you an answer, and one that is truthful, or I won't give you any. I hope that I am a Christian; I profess to be a Chrisitan. But while I say that I wish to add—and I say it with shame and confusion of face—that I am not such a Christian as I wish I were. I have lived in the world surrounded by its honors and its temptations, and I am afraid, John Colby, that I am not so good a Christian as I ought to be. I am afraid I have not your faith and hopes; but still, I hope and trust that I am a Christian, and that the same grace which has converted you and made you an heir to salvation will do the same for me. I trust it; and I also trust, John Colby—and it won't be long before our summons will come—that we shall meet in a better world, and meet those who have gone before us, whom we knew, and who trusted in that same divine free grace. It won't be long. You cannot tell John Colby, how much delight it gave me to hear of your conversion. What a wicked man you used to be!'

"Oh Daniel!" exclaimed Colby, "you don't remember how wicked I was; how ungrateful I was; I never thought of God, I never cared for God; I was worse than a heathen, until I was arrested by the grace of Christ and made to see my sinfulness. And I wish, Daniel, that you might be a powerful Christian, and I trust you are, Daniel;" he added with deep earnestness of voice, "*will* you pray with me?"

We knelt down and Mr. Webster offered a most touching and eloquent prayer. As soon as he had pronounced the "Amen," Mr. Colby followed in a most pathetic, stirring appeal to God. He prayed for the family, for me and for everybody. Then we rose; and he seemed to feel a serene happiness in having thus joined his spirit with that of Mr. Webster in prayer.

The brothers-in-law soon took an affectionate leave of each other, and we left. Mr. Webster could hardly restrain his tears. When we got into the wagon he began to moralize.

"I should like," said he, "to know what the enemies of religion would say to John Colby's conversion. There was a man as unlikely, humanly speaking, to become a Christian as any man I ever saw. He was reckless, heedless, impious. Whatever people may say, added Mr. Webster, nothing can convince me that anything short of the grace of Almighty God could make such a change as I with my own eyes have witnessed in the life of John Colby."

THE STATESMAN'S GREATEST SPEECH.

Speaking of his speech one day, I said:

"Mr. Webster, your speech in answer to Hayne has been read, I think, by more intelligent persons than any other speech in the English language."

"Oh, no," replied he, "I think you must be mistaken about that. You must remember that the speeches of English orators and statesmen were not reported as ours are; neither were the English to a great extent a reading people. Everything that is worth reading and is eloquent our people read."

After a pause, he went on:

"Well, I don't know; you may be right in that. But that was not my best speech."

I said that if it was not the greatest speech, it had the greatest fame.

"Well," said he, "I suppose it has. Nevertheless, it was not, in my judgment, the best speech I ever made; but as a popular effort it was undoubtedly more read than any other speech."

"What do you regard as your greates speech?" I asked.

"My forensic efforts have been those which pleased me most. The two arguments that have given me the most satisfaction were the arguments in the 'steamboat case,' and the Dartmouth College argument. The steamboat case, you remember, was a question of the constitutionality of the right of New York State to give a monopoly to Fulton and his heirs forever of the privilege of plying the waters of the Hudson with his steamboats. The value of such a right was not then, and could not have been from the nature of the case, fully understood. But it seemed to me to be against the very essence of State rights, and a virtual dissolution of the Union in a commercial sense."

WEBSTER'S THEORY OF COLORS IN DRESS.

He had instinctive sense of propriety in dress as well as language. He discriminated colors as accurately as thoughts, and wished to see both in their appropriate places. He was particular about the style and quality of his own apparel, and always appeared dressed to suit the occasion and the company. Seeing his little granddaughters dressed in white, he commended the taste that made the selection, observing that children should wear light and simple colors like the flowers of early spring. "In later life," he said, "we require gayer colors. In this respect we follow Nature, which brings out its brightest colors at the end of the year, and tinges the forest in autumn with varied and brilliant hues."

METHOD OF EXAMINING WITNESSES.

Mr. Webster's method of examining witnesses may be judged from the following scene which occurred in a disputed will case. Among the witnesses was a bank cashier, to whom Mr. Webster said:

"You say you think this is not Mr. Tuft's signature?"

"I was cashier of the bank of which he was president, and used to see his signature in all forms; and very often to obligations and notes and bills."

"And you think this is not his signature? Please to point out, if you will, where there is a discrepancy?"

"I do not know as I can tell."

"But a sensible man can tell why he thinks one thing is not like another."

"Well (examining the note), in the u the top used to be closed."

"Gentleman of the jury, you hear: The top was closed. Go on."

"The *s* at the end of the name was usually kept above the horizontal line; this is below."

"Well; any other?"

"Not any other."

Mr. Webster then took one of the 40 genuine signatures which were in the court, and stating to the jurors that it was admitted to be genuine, showed them that the very things the witness had testified Mr. Tufts never did, were to be found in this signature, and in nearly every instance.

The witness looked chop-fallen and took his seat; and nearly all the witnesses were floored in the same way. At last they came to William P. Winchester. He sat opposite to me and looked at Mr. Webster with an air that said "You won't get any such answers out of me." He took the stand and testified that he did not think the signature genuine.

"Why?" asked Mr. Webster.

"I can't tell," was the reply.

"But, Col. Winchester, an intelligent man can give a reason for his opinion. Pray, don't give such a statement as that without offering a reason for it."

"I can't give a reason; but if you will allow me to make an illustration I will do so."

"Certainly."

"Suppose," said Mr. Winchester, "some distinguished man at home or abroad should be seen walking on 'change; suppose you were there at high change; it would be very natural to point out Daniel Webster and say, 'There goes the defender of the Constitution!' Everybody would mark him, and nobody could mistake his identity. They would always know him afterward. But if, in the afternoon, some man brought me a head and two legs and two arms on a platter and ask me to identify them separately as belonging to Daniel Webster, I could not swear to them. In the same way there is something about this signature that does not look genuine; but I could not swear to the particulars." Mr. Webster smiled at this reply and told the witness that he might be excused.

PRESIDENT WHEELOCK'S INDIAN FRESHMEN.

The following anecdote was related by Mr. Webster, in reference to his connection with the celebrated Dartmouth college case, in which the New Hampshire Legislature attempted to interfere with the ancient charter of that institution; in which, it may not be forgotten, Mr. Webster triumphed, by the decision of the United States Supreme Court confirming the claim of the college. While engaged in the case, Mr. Webster told the president that as the original charter was granted and the endowment made by Lord Dartmouth expressly for the purpose of civilizing and instructing the Indians, a question might arise on this point; and as no Indian had been attached to the school for a long period, it would be well for the president to go into Canada and bring some of the aborigines within the walls of the college, so that a jury could not find that the charter had been abrogated on that score. Accrrdingly the president went and found three choice specimens and brought them to the brink of the river; and after some delay, he procured a boat and began to ferry them across—when the young Indians, not precisely understanding the object of so much kindness on the part of the president, and espying the walls of the college on the bank, had not only their wonder excited, but grew suspicious that if once within those walls, it might be difficult to escape. Whereupon the young Indian at the bow of the boat cast a significant glance at his associates, gave the war-whoop, and quick as thought they all plunged into the middle of the river, and swam for the shore. Said Mr. Webster, "The falling of the walls of Jericho on the sounding of the ram's horns could not have astonished Joshua more than this unlookéd for escapade of the Indians astonished the president. He hallooed, entreated, and tried to explain all; but the Indians kept straight on their course to the shore, and made with all their speed for the woods—the last the president ever saw or heard of them." So Mr. Webster had to go on with the case without the Indians. This anecdote used to amuse him exceedingly; and Judge Story would join in with his happy, light-hearted laugh, which only those who knew him can appreciate.

WEBSTER'S COURTSHIP.

The following has been related as the manner in which Mr. Webster became engaged to his loving and devoted wife. He saw her first when he was a young lawyer at Portsmouth, and she was Miss Grace Fletcher. At one of his visits he had, probably with a view of utility and enjoyment, been holding skeins of silk thread for her, when suddenly he stopped, saying:

"Grace, we have been engaged in untying knots; let us see if we can tie a knot, which will not untie for a lifetime."

He then took a piece of tape, and after beginning a knot of a peculiar kind, gave it to her to complete. This was the ceremony and ratification of their engagement. And in the little box marked by him with the words "Precious Documents," containing the letters of his early courtship, this unique memorial was found—the knot was never untied.

To the memory of the lady who won his earliest affection, who shared the trials and triumps of his early manhood, Mr. Webster retained to the end of life an unfaltering devotion. He could never speak of his first wife without visible emotion. Grace Fletcher Webster was a person of very delicate organization, both physically and intellectually; yet she was energetic, and when occasion required she exhibited a rare fortitude. To her husband's welfare she was entirely devoted, she presided over his household with peculiar grace and dignity, and really seemed to live for him. When he was at home she sought his comfort and pleasure; when he was absent her thoughts, as her beautiful letters testify, were of him day and night. She wrote to him almost daily.—*From Harvey's Reminiscences of Daniel Webster.*

HOW WASHINGTON IRVING WAS MADE MINISTER TO SPAIN.—The political influence wielded quietly, but effectively for many years by Moses H. Grinnell, is illustrated by the following account of the manner in which Washington Irving was appointed Minister to the Court of Madrid, an appointment to which the literary world owes the pleasure it derives from "Irving's History of Mahomet and His Successors." Said Mr. Weed: While Mr. Webster was Secretary of State, I dined with him in Washington one night, Mr. Grinnell, R. M. Blatchford and Simeon Draper also being guests. At the dessert, Mr. Grinnell told Mr. Webster that Washington Irving while writing his "History of Columbus," found it necessary to have access to the archives in Madrid, and that his friends had concluded to ask for his appointment as Consul to that city. After a slight pause, Mr. Webster said: "Do I understand you, Mr. Grinnell, to say that you ask Washington Irving's appointment as Consul to Madrid?" Mr. Grinnell responded affirmatively, when Mr. Webster, with great emphasis, asked: "And why not Minister to Spain?" But little more was said. Mr. Grinnell returned to New York rejoicing in the appointment of his literary friend as Minister to Spain.—*Thurlow Weed.*

"WHAT is the meaning of a backbiter?" asked a gentleman at a Sunday-school examination. This was a puzzle. It went down the class until it went to a simple urchin, who said: "Perhaps it is a flea."

The Light of the Body.

It is remarkable how much as delicate an organ as the human eye will bear. Its labors are never ceasing, being involuntary as well as voluntary, and embracing every extreme of light and darkness, sharing every extreme of heat and cold from which even the hardier portions of our body are carefully protected. The heat of summer we constantly face without extra protection to the eyes would blister the hand or foot, while the keen frosts of winter, that only bring a remonstrating tear from the long-suffering pupil, would put many an added chilblain and frost bite on feet, ears or nose. Like all patient things, sentient or otherwise, this precious member has much to bear from human ignorance. Beginning with life and ending only when nature entirely rebels and sight leaves us entirely, we are in the habit of systematically abusing what we ought to prize as the greatest blessing. It is claimed by those who pretend to know, that a deal of injury is effected during the very first months of school, when the child should be taught to distinguish the letters of the alphabet not from printed books, often in very fine type, but from large models or blackboards. The *Popular Science Monthly* says that a faulty position in reading, writing or studying, a prolonged looking at objects near the eye, even when a proper distance from it, using the eyes at too short a range, reading with the book in the shadow, while the light strikes on the eyes, causing undue contraction of the pupil, allowing the sun to glare on the page, reading in railroad cars, insufficient light—are all fruitful sources of permanent injury to the eyes, adding that, "even in the most favored homes, the elder group is apt to monopolize the shaded droplight or student lamps, while the schoolboy, with his text-books, is found somewhere in the outer circle." There is a great deal of truth in the last clause especially. It is not infrequent to find the younger brothers and sisters of a large family as homeless in some respects as the veriest waif in the streets. Too young to be advanced to the dignity of separate bed-rooms, and too old to meet with much consideration in the nursery, which is ruled with a rod of iron by the temporary king — baby — shoved aside by this one and pushed by that, always in somebody's way—a quiet corner, warm and well-lighted, where he can study in comfort, is a matter seldom compassed; so we find them very often, if they are ambitious, studying on the stairs, down in the kitchen with Bridget, or stowed away in a fireless room, sitting on alternate feet to keep them warm, while their heads and eyes are hot and burning. "Boy" can tell you a pitiful story very often; his weak eyes do not always result from skating too long in the wind or a cold caught sledding. Properly, children should never be compelled to study after lamplight, and, for that matter, no one who values that precious faculty of sight should do anything involving the slightest strain upon it by any artificial light whatever; the light itself being as much as any but exceptionally strong eyes should be called on to bear. Nighttime should be dedicated to conversation, music, games and all those pleasant employments that are calculated to give the most entire rest to the organs most used during the day; where this is not practicable, great care must be exercised in their constant use.

HOW THE SWISS GUIDES DID IT.—An artist has recently published in a French journal an account of his Swiss sketching tour. On a beautiful afternoon in last June he left his hotel in Interlaken, went out alone with his camp stool and easel and strayed as far as the foot of Jungfrau. As he was about to begin his sketch, he was startled by seeing, a few yards in front of him, a huge bear, that growled ferociously. He seized a a revolver and leveled it at the beast, but before he could fire he heard the words "Halt!" "Halt!" The bear sat on his hind legs and wrung his fore paws. "What!" cried the artist, "do bears speak English?" Then, holding the revolver close to the nose of the pretended beast, he demanded, "What dost thou in this accursed costume?" The rogue in the bear's skin replied that he was merely earning his living. He was a driver by profession, but the season had been a very bad one, and he was obliged to take another trade. He had entered into a compact with a number of guides to clothe himself in a bear's skin, "which, I can assure you, is hot as purgatory in such weather as this," and plant himself in one of the favorite mountain paths. "When one of my associates comes along this road with a tourist, I suddenly show myself. The foreigner is ready to die with fright, but the courageous guidg rushes at me and drives me away, naturally receiving a very handsome douceur for his bravery in risking his own life in order to preserve that of his employer." In the evening the guide and the bear generally met at an inn and divided the spoil. The bear pleaded so piteously that the artist did not have the heart to have him arrested.—*Post.*

HOW A WEDDING WAS SPOILED.—The Chicago *Tribune* relates that a young couple were recently to be married in a church in that city, and the guests had all assembled to witness the interesting ceremony. The bride, attired in all the gorgeous finery customary on such occasions, alighted from the carriage, and the groom stepped blithely and lightly after her, and upon her long trail. As he did so the fair lady uttered a low cry, and exclaimed, sharply, "Oh, dear, how awkward you are!" The young man's face colored as he stumbled off the rich garment, but gave the lady his arm and walked into church with her. The ceremony proceeded, the minister asked the bride if she would accept the groom for her wedded husband, and received the usual affirmative answer, and was about to interrogate the young man, when the latter impulsively and unexpectedly said to the bride, "Oh, dear, how awkward you are!" and turning on his heel walked out of the church without another word, leaving the would-be bride and the assembled company in utter bewilderment. The young man rode off in a carriage, and the rest of the wedding party, after recovering from their astonishment, left for their homes. The occureare was an actual one, and has occasioned a great amount of gossip.

NEVER be in a hurry to put your money into the contribution box. Wait awhile until copper will make a noise by coming in contact with others. The first pennies that are dropped in are still-born. No one observes who gives them, but a sizeable copper, carefully tossed in among specie, has the true ring of piety in it.

Grains of Gold.

Harvest never comes to such as sow not.

The only way to make a friend is to be one.

He who boasts of a multitude of friends, hath none.

He who gives a trifle meanly is far meaner than the trifle.

There is ne such thing as an easy chair for a discontented man.

Men are like words; when not properly placed, they lose their value.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill-manners.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else.

Never tell a man he's a fool; in the first place he won't believe you; in the next, you make him your enemy.

There is nothing so convincing to a man that there is truth in religion as to see true religion in Christians.

The best society and conversation in the world is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

The Germans have this good proverb: That thefts never enrich; that alms never impoverish; nor prayers hinder any work.

Live on what you have; live if you can on less; do not borrow, either for vanity or pleasure; the vanity will end in shame and the pleasure in regret.

Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad or indifferent; nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad for that is affectation; nothing indifferent for that is silly.

A man's first difficulties begin when he is able to do what he likes. So long as a man is struggling with obstacles, he has an excuse for failure or shortcoming; but when fortune removes them all, and gives him the power of doing as he thinks best, then comes the trial.

Butter Making.

Pure butter is the most complicated natural fat mass on record; it consists of not less than eight fatty acids in combination with a substance known in its isolated state by the name of oil-sweet or glycerine. Four of these acids in their isolated state are solids; four of them are liquids; these latter acids are remarkable for their unpleasant odor and taste; whilst in combination with that peculiar compound, the oil sweet, that strong odor is not noticeable, but as soon as that combination by some cause or other is disturbed, their objectionable odor and taste become manifest, and we say the butter is rancid. Practice seems to indorse, in the interest of the making and preserving of good butter, the following rules: Have your apparatus for butter-making well cleaned; do not churn at a higher temperature than from 50 to 60 degrees F.; keep off all offensive odors, for fats, as a general rule, absorb them very readily; carry the entire process on with speed, and shorten thus the injurious access of air, under very disadvantageous circumstances; wash the separated butter under little agitation with a saturated solution of best dairy salt, and repeat this last treatment but a few times. Too much washing injures the quality of butter as far as the nicety of its flavor is concerned; too little washing leaves too much milk-sugar, and particularly caseine (or cheese-stuff) behind. This caseine is, in the language of chemists, a nitrogenous substance, and is most remarkable on account not only of its disposition to break up into very disagreeable smelling and tasting substancei, but also to have the property to impart its own instability upon other more stable compounds, as, for instance, the neutral fats of the butter. Its effect on the butter is a mere question of degree which salt under the most favorable circumstances, will only prevent for a limited time. The larger the amount of caseine left, the sooner will the butter be changed, a result which perfectly tight packing and thus a most efficient exclusion of the air can only somewhat delay.

ROAST PIG.—Roast pig, says Clara Francis, in the *Prairie Farmer*, to be nice, should not be less than three, or more than six weeks old, and should weigh from eight to fourteen pounds. Wash it thoroughly with soda and water, then rinse it in salt and water, and finally in clear water; wipe dry inside and out, and fill with a dressing made of boiled potatoes mashed smoothly, and beaten until light with the addition of a generous piece of butter, two eggs, half a chopped onion, powdered sage, pepper and salt to taste; stuff the pig into a nice comfortable shape, sew up, and skewer firmly; the fore feet bent backward, and the hind feet forward; dust with flour, and put it in the dripping pan with a very little boiling water. Baste often with a little butter and salt water and the drippings; when it begins to brown rub it very often with a lump of butter tied in a piece of cloth. This will make the skin crisp and tender. Cook from two to three hours according to the size; when done, set it for five minutes in a cold place, then garnish it with curled parsley and sliced lemon. Put a slice of lemon, or a small boquet of flowers in the mouth, a garland of parsley round the neck, and trim the edge of the platter with plenty of parsley and lemon. Turn the drippings from the pan, leaving only a little flour; let it brown, then add water, wine, lemon juice, and salt and pepper to taste; let it boil until it thickens and strain it into a gravy boat. Always serve fresh made apple-sauce with roast pig.

A SEAFARING COUPLE.—When we reached Honolulu the first thing we learned was that the only hotel was shut up for repairs, and would not be open again for three months! A son of Wm. E. Dodge of New York, who came here with a daughter, on the Zealandia, to meet his wife and spend some months with her, found that she had left some months ago for the United States in consequence of the closing of the hotel, and so he had no wife to meet him and no hotel to meet her in. Of course he had to wait a month before he could hear from her, or get a steamer to return in, and he could not be at all certain even then that she would not be returning to meet him here, and he would pass her on the way back. In fact, I had a dreary feeling that they were doomed to go on that way, like a couple of "Flying Dutchmen," sailing back and forth forever and ever, trying to reach each other, and always passing on the way.—*Letter from General Comly.*

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At his Old Stand, opposite the Bank of Woodland,
Is prepared to do all kinds of
PLUMBING, GAS-FITTING,
—AND—
METAL ROOFING,
And Manufacturer of
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Wares;
ALSO, DEALER IN
STOVES,
PUMPS,

IRON AND GALVANIZED PIPES OF ALL SIZES.
AGENT FOR THE
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—AND THE—
"MEDALLION RANGE."
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS OF ALL KINDS IN HIS LINE.
GALVANIZED IRON
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All Sizes, made to order.
AGENCY FOR
ROSE'S DEEP WELL FORCE PUMPS.
TOOLS FOR BORING WELLS
Can be had at my Store.
Orders from the Country Promptly attended to.
SHOP ON MAIN STREET,
(Next to Gray & Wood's Hardware Store.)
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MARK THESE FACTS.
The Testimony of the Whole World.
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS
"I had no appetite; Holloway's Pills gave me a hearty one."
"Your Pills are marvellous."
"I send for another box, and keep them in the house."
"Dr. Holloway has cured my headache that was chronic."
"I gave one of your Pills to my babe for cholera morbus. The dear little thing got well in a day."
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"Your box of Holloway's Ointment cured me of noises in the head. I rubbed some of your Ointment behind the ears, and the noise has left."
"Send me five boxes of your Pills."
"Let me have three boxes of your Pills by return mail, for Chills and Fever."
I have over 200 such testimonials as these, but want of space compels me to conclude.
For Cutaneous Disorders
And all eruptions of the skin, this Ointment is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very roots of the evil.
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS
Invariably cure the following diseases:
Disorder of the Kidneys.
In all diseases affecting these organs, whether they secrete too much or too little water, or whether they be afflicted with stone or gravel or with aches and pains settled in the loins over the regions of the kidneys, these Pills should be taken according to the printed directions, and the Ointment should be well rubbed into the small of the back at bedtime. This treatment will give almost immediate relief when all other means have failed.
For Stomachs Out of Order.
No medicine will so effectually improve the tone of the stomach as these pills; they remove all acidity occasioned either by intemperance or improper diet. They reach the liver and reduce it to a healthy action; they are wonderfully efficacious in cases of spasm; in fact they never fail in curing all disorders of the liver and stomach.
HOLLOWAYS PILLS are the best known in the world for the following diseases: Ague, Asthma, Bilious Complaints, Blotches on the Skin, Bowels, Consumption, Debility, Dropsy, Dysentery, Erysipelas, Female Irregularities, Fevers of all kinds, Fits, Gout, Headache, Indigestion, Inflammation, Jaundice, Lumbago, Liver Complaints, Piles, Rheumatism, Retention of Urine, Scrofula or King's Evil, Sore Throat, Stone and Gravel, Tic-doloreux, Tumors, Ulcers, Worms of all kinds, Weakness from any cause, etc.
IMPORTANT CAUTION.
None are genuine unless the signature of J. HAYDOCK, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. A handsome reward will be given to anyone rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious.
***Sold at the manufactory of Prof. HOLLOWAY & Co., New York, and by all respectable druggists and dealers in medicine throughout the civilized world, in boxes at 25 cents, 62 cents and $1 each.
☞There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.
N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box.
Office, 112 *Liberty Street, New York.*
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Wholesale and Retail
GROCER
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B'ROOKLYN HOTEL,
Nos. 210 and 212 Bush Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Refitted and Refurnished Throughout!
PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES
Rooms, with Board.....$1.50 to $2.00 per day
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TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN.
In consequence of the failure of the crops time will be given to all THAT ARE GOOD, who desire it, for Dental Work, in sums of Fifteen Dollars and upwards.
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SACRAMENTO,
Corner of K and Seventh Streets.
This Hotel Having been newly refitted and refurnished is now ready to offer superior accommodations to families as well as the traveling public. FREE OMNIBUS TO AND FROM THE HOTEL.
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At 169, 171 and 177 K Street,
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AITKEN & LUCE

Make the following proposition to those who wish Monuments or Headstones, and who come to the city for the express purpose of selecting.
We will pay the R. R. fare both ways when the distance and amount of purchase compare with the following table:

$50 00	Contract—30	miles or less.
$75 00	" 40	" "
$100 00	" 50	" "
$250 00	" 75	" "
$500 00	" 150	" "
$1,000 00	" 300	" "

Thus giving purchasers the opportunity of making their selections, instead of dealing with inexperienced canvassers.
Cut this out and bring it with you, and after you have made your purchase present it, and we will give you credit for your R. R. fare both ways.
We wish it distinctly understood that we work any kind of marble desired, and as low as the lowest.
Italian, Vermont and California Marble of our own importation and production, at wholesale and retail.
Orders for Scotch Granite Monuments, filled direct from Glasgow, Scotland.
ESTABLISHED IN 1851.
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Watchmaker and Jeweler,
79 J Street, Sacramento,
BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH STREETS,
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Ornamental and for the Table—925 fine, warranted to retain its beautiful whiteness and not change to a greyish shade, like coin quality of Silver Forks and spoons.
JEWELRY.—My selection is one of the rarest and most valuable in the State, in Diamond Sets, Stone Cameo, Amethyst, Coral and Solid Gold Sets.
RINGS.—An endless variety of every description from plain Solid Gold to the most elegant Diamond Settings.
CHAINS.—Opera, Neck Opera Guard, Chatelain and Vest Chains, all the new elegant patterns.
SUNDRIES.—Lockets, Charms, Seals, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, Collar Buttons, Gents' Gold Headed Walking Canes, etc.
WATCHES.—Chronometers, Chronographs (quarter and one fifth second) for timing horses, fine English and Swiss watches, American watches from the best manufactories, which I will foward to any part of the country at factory prices.
CLOCKS.—From the plainest to the finest French pendules.
DEALERS in these articles from the interior will be allowed a liberal discount.
Orders Promptly Filled.
Chronometers, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired by the best of workmen and warranted.
My customers enjoy this advantage, I purchase my goods for cash from the factories and sell them cheaper than any other dealer here.
Remember the Sign of the Town Clock.
79 J Street, Between 3d and 4th.
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THEY HAVE ARRIVED
50 CASES OF
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
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27 CASES
HARDWARE
All bought at the Manufacturers.
—AND—
WILL BE SOLD VERY LOW.
Come and see for yourselves and purchase where you can
Save the S. F. Jobbers' Profit.
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P. KRELLENBERG,
Dealer in all kinds of
FURNITURE AND BEDDING
A large assortment always on hand, which will be sold at reasonable prices!
—ALSO—
GENERAL UNDERTAKER.
I keep on hand a large lot of BURIAL CASES and COFFINS, and have a
FIRST-CLASS HEARSE!
So that I am prepared to supply everything necessary for Funerals on short notice.
Store Corner Third and Main Streets,
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To the Ladies of Woodland and Vicinity.
Rag Carpet Manufactory.
The undersigned wishes to inform the public that he has just established himself in Woodland, and is prepared to weave rag carpets for all who wish them.
PRICES.
Fancy Patterns, per yard.....50 cts
Patterns with white warp, per yard.....45 cts
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For Sale at Nicklesburgh Bros'.
Orders left at Porter's Store will be promptly attended to.
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NOTARIES PUBLIC,
No. 6 MERCHANT'S EXCHANGE,
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Special attention giving to taking and certifying Deposition of Witnesses. se15-dw

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The Yolo Democrat

OFFICIAL PAPER OF YOLO COUNTY.

WOODLAND, CAL:

Thursday, January 3d, 1878.

THE CITY OF THE FUTURE.

There is no theme to San Franciscans so agreeable as themselves, says the *Argonaut*. They dearly love to be told that their city is and is to be the one wonderful spot of the earth. That here the Orient is to pour out its wealth of Ormus and Ind. That all the luxuries of island and continent are to be gathered to its lap, and from East and West the wise men will come here to dwell. That our mines are inexhaustible; our primeval forests can never be thinned by the hand of labor; that in grain, and wine and fruit we have abundant measure; that our climate will attract the luxuriously disposed; that our city will grow in numbers and in wealth, our lots and houses increase in value. Seriously, (we believe there is no better time to say so than now) San Francisco is destined to become one of the great, rich, populous commercial cities of the American continent and the time is not distant when it will be one of the largest cities of the world. Of our climate we will not now speak; of our grain we will mention the simple fact that we even now produce more and better wheat than any other State of the American Union; of our wine production, we are second in capacity only to France; in fruits that may be dried and exported, and in nuts that may be sent to a foreign market, we can successfully compete with any nation in the world. Our city and port are destined to monopolize the commerce of the earth's greatest ocean, and to become the *entrepot* of that ancient trade that has enriched nations and builded vast cities in its track.

But, aside from all this, and in addition to all these sources of wealth, our treasures of gold and silver surpass the wildest dreams of the imagination. Not a day passes that new explorations do not make new developments of mineral treasure. In quartz, gravel, and river-bed, mining has only just begun. In California, Nevada and Arizona there are mines of fabulous wealth awaiting the touch of labor. As new appliances, more men, a better system, advances in science, machinery and organization are brought to bear our mines will increase their production. The nature of the country where these mines exist, the climate, soil, and society of the places where gold and silver are produced, are not calculated to invite permanent residence. The consequence has been, and is, that all those who acquire wealth will come to San Francisco for its enjoyment. The result will be elegant homes, splendid buildings, a fast and generous rivalry in ostentatious display, a great deal of shoddy, a great deal of bonanza aristocracy, with satin-lined carriages and gold-plated harness, and no end of purse-proud nonsense. In ten years from to-day our population will be doubled, our property largely multiplied. San Francisco will be blazing with easily acquired wealth. We shall have a society of curious elements. Our aristocracy will be an aristocracy of money. It will be an olla-podria of codfish and coal oil. It will be pretentious, vulgar, and shoddy, but it will be an easy-going, generous, clever, devil-may-care sort of happy-go-lucky mob. Its motto will be, "easy got easy spent." On the whole, we think San Francisco will be a good city to live in, and that real estate is likely to advance.

NOT FLATTERING.

It looks as if the present California Legislature was determined to disappoint the just expectations of the people for a short session, observes the Stanislaus *News*. Certainly a large amount of work is being mapped out by members of that body. This, too, in the face of the fact that a Constitutional Convention is shortly to assemble, which must of necessity, if its acts be approved by the people, upset a large per cent. of the laws which are likely to be in existence at the time of its meeting. We would like, if for nothing else but the mere novelty of the thing, to know that a modern California Legislative body had actually adjourned before the lapse of the constitutional period had cut short the per diem of its members. Such a result would really be a grand stride towards civil service reform, pleasing to the people and honorable to the individual members of the body.

THE matter of electing the President and Vice-President of the United States by the direct vote of the people is again being prominently put forward. Our Legislature will memorialize Congress upon the subject. We hope this will be made the law of the land before the time for the election of the successors to Hayes and Wheeler. The Electoral College was a good enough institution in the early years of the republic, but its usefulness has long since passed away. We are too large to be hampered in the matter of choosing who shall be the head of our government. The whole people want to have their "say," and they'll have it too, sooner or later.

The January number of *St. Nicholas* has made its appearance. It is full of interesting reading and deserves special mention as a literary periodical.

EVER SUBSTANTIALLY THE SAME.

Men have always strength given them to carry out their convictions; they have not strength given them to carry out their aspirations, remarks a contemporary. Do not complain that because you cannot live up to your aspirations you cannot live up to your principles; that because your ideal vanishes on contact with the necessities of daily existence, therefore it is impossible to act on convictions. Ideas may be glorious as duties—they are not duties; aspirations may be as beautiful as convictions, they may be as lofty, they may be as true, they may be the stuff out of which convictions are made—but they are not convictions: and until they are it is as unreasonable to expect them to work with the power of convictions as it is to expect the vapor of the sunset cloud to work with the power of steam. The aspirations of one age may be the convictions of the next; the quantity of ideal truth which comes within the reach of the practical reason and the living will may be greater in one age than another—may be increasing from age to age; it may be impossible in one generation to bring into play the same amount of convictions that another generation finds easily wrought into the substance of reason. But each epoch will have its own ideas, and so the problem before each is substantially the same. It is to reconcile its own convictions with life, not the convictions of any past or future time.

PRESERVATION AND CULTIVATION OF FORESTS.

Dr. Hough, Commissioner of Forestry, in his Report to be transmitted to Congress shortly, will recommend that homestead or pre-emption settlers be required to plant certain portions of their tracts with trees before acquiring complete title; that instead of selling timber land the Government should sell only the privilege of cutting timber and that foresters should be regularly appointed and trained by the Government. He suggests that State Governments may also promote the growth of forests by offering premiums, exempting forests from taxation, dispensing with needless fence laws, levying a tree tax similar to the road tax, and planting hedges for protection against winds and snow-drifts, aiding educational institutions to give instruction in tree culture, requiring a systematic report to be made upon the extent and resources of forests within their boundaries, and by conferring upon municipal authorities power to lay out parks for the growth and improvement of trees. A Bill drafted by Mr. Andrews, of Minnesota, ex-Minister to Sweden will accompany the Report. It requires that in all future clearing of public lands trees shall be left for seed at intervals of seventy feet in each direction. The Report will also be accompanied with statistics showing the results of the experiments in forest-raising in the United States.

EDITORIAL NONSENSE.

The Oakland *Transcript* thus takes off the erudite editor of the *Record-Union*. It will be appreciated by lots of people: The best editorials that were ever written in California are those that are spun out by the editor of the Sacramento *Record-Union*. Let our readers perfectly understand us. If a man goes to a restaurant and orders beef steak and onions, he is supposed to have a dish served up to him that corresponds with his orders, but when he gets a little bit of meat not big enough to stick on the end of a fork, and a whole plate full of stale onions, that dish will pretty well correspond with the editorials of the *Record-Union*. In the admirable novel of Nicholas Nickleby, we have the case of Mr. Crummles, who purchased a bucket, washtub, and other articles of a like domestic nature, and then requested an author to write a play for the sake of bringing those articles into notoriety. The *Record-Union* man culls a few unused words from the dictionary and then writes a column article on any subject to display them. How thankful we should be for this kind of brain work and mental elucidation. California must prosper under such powerful aids as this.

THE GRAIN PROSPECT.

Although some localities are complaining of the want of rain, upon the whole we are contented. The Oakland *Transcript* says: So far as the fear of drought is concerned we can treat this with perfect composure. The San Joaquin Valley farmers are in good spirits, and when this is the case, farmers in other localities in the State may take cheer. The Stockton *Herald* in a late issue says: The late rains have dispelled all anxiety on account of the drought and the mildness of the weather since the rains have ceased, has sent the wheat and grass forward with unprecedented growth. On the black lands in the vicinity of the city the rain has wetted down from six to eight inches, while further up the valley on the sandier soils, we are informed that the rain has penetrated to the depth of two and a half and three feet. This valley can now, unless the moisture is taken away by strong dissicating winds, get along well for six weeks without another shower.

We can never expect to raise fish in our bays and rivers while the State permits the use of nets, with meshes that catch the small fishes, which being of no use for the market are thrown aside or destroyed by the fisherman. Every maritime country has found it necessary to to pass laws for the protection of its fish. Will not some one in our State Legislature look after this very important matter? inquires the Oakland *Transcript*.

Latest Telegraphic News.

Associated Press Special Dispatches to the Daily Democrat.

Across the Balkans.

BOGOT, Dec. 31.—After an exceedingly difficult passage over the snow-covered mountains and frozen footpaths, the vanguard of a Russian division has occupied the Balkan passess between Arabakonk and Sophia, and cavalry has already been stationed on the Sophia roads. The Turks were taken by surprise, consequently the Russians lost only five wounded.

A special telegram from Sophia reports that a large force of Russians have already deployed on the plain of Sophia.

Sophia.

BELGRADE, Dec. 31.—It is rumored that the Turks retreated from Sophia after burning it, and are marching towards the Ichtiman defile to bar the Russian advance upon Latar Bazardjik.

The Lom.

BOGOT, Dec. 31.—Along the Eastern front, namely, the river Lom, the Turks have withdrawn from all their positions, leaving only small armed bodies composed of troops and inhabitants. The latter retire to the woods after burning their own villages.

England's Note.

LONDON, Jan. 1.—The following is said to be the text of England's note to Russia: Her Majesty's Government begs to inform the Emperor that the Porte is ready to open peace negotiations. The Emperor's wisdom and repeatedly expressed love of peace justify Her Majesty's Government in the hope that he will lend a favorable ear to the Sultan's request.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—It is said that Russia has already replied to England's note, that if the Turks desire an armistice they must apply direct to the Commander-in-Chief.

Louisiana Compromise.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—The *Journal's* Washington special says: A Republican Congressman proposes to introduce a resolution in the House calling upon the President for information regarding the opinion of Attorney-General Devens, said to have been given last April when the Hawley Commissioners were in New Orleans arranging a compromise between political parties. It is said that the Commission sent a dispatch to the President asking the opinion of the Administration as to what would be a fair basis for reorganization.

The President submitted the question to Attorney-General Devens, and he furnished the President with a written opinion which was submitted to a full Cabinet and approved by them, and then telegraphed to the Commission, which proceeded to recognize the Legislature upon the basis proposed. The opinion was that fourteen Republican members of the Legislature should be unseated and their places given to Democrats who claimed to have been elected, and that five Democratic members should withdraw and allow their places to be filled by Republicans. This is a statement made by a Republican Congressman, who says he knows the inside of all that transpires.

Colorado.

CHICAGO, Jan. 1.—A Garland Colorado dispatch of December 31st says: A reign of lawlessness and bloodshed prevails here. Four men were shot this afternoon in a saloon, and this evening, George M. Clay, a lawyer residing here, entered a concert hall and had a dispute with the barkeeper, whom he cut with a knife, and was then himself shot through the temple.

Border Troubles.

BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS, Dec. 31.—A large number of witnesses have been summoned from this frontier, to appear January 10th before the House Foreign Relations Committee. Witnesses are mostly of the filibuster class—among them their head center, Colonel John S. Ford, who commanded the filibusters that burned Matamoras in the Caravayl Revolution, and who sent a sensational telegram from here about Mexican affairs last year. He was in the pay of General Cortina, and later that of Diaz. Still later, he enlisted a regiment of Texas volunteers to invade Mexico. Ford and his filibusters will possibly show that war with Mexico is positively necessary and absolutely inevitable.

Latest Stock Quotations.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 30.

YESTERDAY'S EVENING BOARD.

Con Virginia	$22 87	Chollar	$37 00
California	28 00	Crown Point	7 12
Best & Belcher	20 00	Exchequer	4 65
Ophir	54 25	Gould & Curry	10 00
Mexican	15 50	Hale & Norcross	10 00
Alpha	13 75	Imperial	1 00
Overman	23 00	Savage	12 37
Justice	10 50	Utah	15 87
Belcher	5 00	Yellow Jacket	11 00
Bullion	7 00	Grand Prize	13 75

GOVERNOR BRADLEY.

Governor Bradley, of Nevada, says the evening *Express*, is here on a visit with his little grandaughter. The Governor bears his seventy-two years of honorable life with a heartiness and serenity that might be envied by many younger men. As Nevada's Chief Magistrate for the past eight years, he has stood between the people of the State and the powerful mining corporations as a bulwark of protection. By his firmness he compelled the rich mines of that state to bear a portion of the puplic burdens. He did this in the face of the vilest combinations, and in spite of even threats of personal violence, which some of the myrmidons of the Comstock ring were not ashamed to make. The old man is loved by the people of Nevada only as an honest and faithful public servant can be loved.

HAS ANCHORED HIS END.

The Republican situation in regard to the New York Custom House appointments reminds the *World* strongly, as the late Mr. Lincoln would have said, of a "little story." A trading schooner was plowing along the Sound when the mate (and part proprietor) thinking that the craft was getting perilously close to some shoals, he ran aft and advised the Captain (and part proprietor) to put the helm hard up. "Mr. Mate," said the Captain with much dignity, "you go forward and attend to your end of the schooner and I'll attend to mine." The mate went forward and in a minute there was a splash and a running out of cable, and the mate cried cheerily, "Cap'n Slocum, I've anchored my end of the schooner." Mr. Hayes appears to have anchored his end of the schooner.

LEGISLATIVE CORRESPONDENCE.

[SPECIAL TO THE DAILY DEMOCRAT.]

SACRAMENTO, Dec. 25, 1877.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT: In my last I failed to mention the messages received from the Governor approving the joint resolutions relative to the improvement of the San Joaquin river and the erection of public buildings at Stockton. Also Resolution No. 7, in reference to the public buildings in Sacramento and the improvement of the Sacramento river. The Assembly amended the last, making the word river "rivers," and adding "Feather." Also the passage of the joint resolution relative to the erection of a Postoffice building in San Francisco.

THE PALACE HOTEL.

It is whispered here that the talk of buying the Palace Hotel is more than mere rumor, but of course this building is not calculated for a public building. It might do for a factory, a cotton or woolen mill.

SALARY OF COUNTY JUDGE OF MONO CO.

This Act raising the salary of the County Judge of Mono County from eight hundred to twelve hundred dollars was under discussion, a portion of the Senators holding it to be constitutional, and others that the Legislature had a clear right to raise the salary any time before the Judge was qualified and took his seat. Mr. Smith of Los Angeles, in my humble judgment, made a conclusive argument against the constitutionality of all this class of bills. He asserted that the Constitution did not refer to the time of passing the Act, but to the raising of the salary. He showed clearly if the

SALARY WAS RAISED,

It was raised to take effect during the terms for which this Judge had been elected, and this is in the face of the Constitution. If it is not raised during his term it is not raised at all. The Legislature was trying to pass a law after the election but before the Judge takes his seat. The law may be made before his term commences, but it does not effect the salary during the term for which he has been elected. The Constitution, he showed clearly, does not refer to the period of time when the law might be passed, but the time when his salary is effected by the law. The bill was correctly defeated.

ON EDUCATION.

Mr. Hart offered some three resolutions in the Assembly in reference to education that seem to have the right ring.

Resolved, That the subject of the education of children toward, rather than away from the industries, is one of overshadowing importance and demands especial and exhaustive consideration in the light of the experience of schools of the mechanic arts and agriculture in our own and foreign countries.

The other two are asking the Committee on Agriculture and Mining and Mechanic Arts College to make certain inquiries and report to the Assembly in reference to the practibility of uniting industries with the University etc., and how the system has succeeded in other States and foreign countries. These resolutions are asking the Committees to do too much, yet the subject is an important one. Are not we as a people trying to

EDUCATE TOO MUCH

In a certain sense? To educate the intellect at the expense of the physical man? Does not our present system keep many youths from learning trades, or working on farms, or going into any manual industry? We can not all live without physical labor, and I fear too many are being, under our present system, run into the professions and brain work; and too few into the industries. This subject is of great importance to the future of our country.

LITERARY VAGABONDISM

Ought to be avoided, while labor, *manual labor*, ought to be fostered. Too much education if of the right kind can not be had by a people, but if manufacturing, mechanism and labor is to be made disgraceful, or even if the youth are taught to hold those thus engaged in less esteem than if they labored at brain-work, why, we are in danger. Honest labor is honorable and the laborer ought to be held up as an example. Too few are now learning useful trades, and too many taught to turn their noses up at hard toil.

SACRAMENTO, Dec. 27, 1877.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—Christmas, the day that many millions of hearts delight to celebrate throughout the Christian world, has again come and gone, For centuries this anniversary has been commemorated by those who believe it to be the birthday of the Savior of mankind. Its return is celebrated by millions as a religious duty, when the mind goes back not alone to the birth of the child Jesus, in the manger, but to his life and character set forth in acts of meekness, of kindness, of goodness and love, to be an example for fallen humanity.

To young and joyous childhood the annual return of this day brings gifts and gladness. To the rich the day suggests fat things and feastings. To the poor, gifts and greetings and to all gayety and rejoicings. May the celebration of this great Christian event continue to mellow the heart; to purify the soul; to cheer the downcast; to relieve the poor; to rejoice the sorrowing; to alleviate the suffering and to make children merry by kind wishes, kind greetings, kind gifts and innocent amusements throughout the Christian world for all time.

GOOD SHOOTING.

Yesterday Senator Craig, of San Francisco, went out to Elk Grove, about three miles from Sacramento, to teach the boys how to shoot. At three hundred yards distance, off hand, the Senator, in ten shots, killed five turkeys and knocked another down which he did not kill. He also won 8 or 10 chickens. This is said to be as good shooting as has been done in the county for years. In the evening, at the Creedmoor shooting gallery he made twelve bulls-eyes in fifteen shots, and the three were close.

DULL TIMES.

All, or nearly all the Legislators have left the City of Sacramento. Some have gone to their homes and some gone on Committee duties, and we do not expect scarcely any to return before the 3d, at three o'clock P.M. This makes it lonesome in the Capitol City. Yesterday the Christmas trees in the Churches and Sunday Schools were well filled, and children made glad and some made noisy by presents of sweetmeats, drums, crackers and horns. The latter may not have come off the trees, but the noises by horns and drums was almost intolerable—like "bedlam let loose."

LIBRARIAN.

I should mention that the contest for librarian is going to be a spirited one. Of course the Trustees will be nominated by caucus and the caucus nominee will be elected, but the candidates for librarian will have their candidates for trustees. The candidates in the field are Cravens, the present incumbent, and Charles Linley, late Code Commissioner and now of Los Angeles. Both competent men, and both good, faithful Democrats.

IRRIGATION AND WATER BILL.

Creed Haymond has introduced a bill which in my next letter I may discuss, that he says covers not only the subject of irrigation, but also of reclamation of swamp lands and the overflow of the farming lands of the valleys by the debris from the mines of the mountains. If his bill does half he thinks it will do wonders. I have not had time to analize it, but will do so next letter.

INDEX.

Evarts Disgusted.

Secretary Evarts is reported to have said to Congressmen who called upon him to recommend some foreign appointment, that the Administration had nearly concluded that it was useless to make any more nominations: that the Senate would not confirm anything, and that the President saw little use in sending names to that dignified body for rejection. "Possibly," Mr. Evarts said, "in case of a vacancy, where there was urgent need of an officer, an appointment might be made, but the conclusion was almost reached not to make any more nominations."

England and Russia.

Russia seems to be spoiling for another fight now that she has driven Turkey into her corner says the *Bee*. The Russian press and public are exceedingly saucy and sneering. Russian officers openly boast that John Bull is no match for them, and that the Czar can seize Constantinople and partition Turkey when he desires, and the Golos, the principal Muscovite journal, taunts the "Queen of the Seas," daring her to the assault. England seems to be as much undecided to-day as ever, which may indicate pretty planly that she has doubts, and very grave ones, too, as to whether it would be policy to attack Russia on her triumphal march. The war party is blatant as ever and holds to the doctrine which time has considerably dispelled among the masses, that Great Britian is the cock of the national walk. And so Russia continues in the role of bully, while John Bull stands on the outside biting his lips, and undecided whether or not to strip off his coat, jump into the arena and take the chances of giving his taunter a good thrashing or getting badly whipped himself. It is a pretty delicate question for him in either aspect.

The Electric Light.

The first experiment with the electric light in Berlin was made on the 14th of November, in the new synagogue in the Oranienburg street before a large crowd of people. In the courtyard of the building a stationary apparatus furnished the light, which was conducted over the roof into two of the five sound windows, whence the light streamed down on the synagogue below. The effect was astonishing. The light was so brilliant that it illuminated the gallery and the remotest part of the edifice. The splendor of the light was vivid, but not offensive to the sight. In comparison with gas, the result is as follows: Gas, per hour, fifteen dollars; the electric light one dollar for the same time. The apparatus costs several thousand marks. The synagogue was also lit up on the outside by the electric light, bringing it out as bright as day, and producing a most magical effect. Gas burned alongside of the electric light looked pale, and was, as it were, thrown into the shade.

Tried by a Colored Jury.

The most remarkable jury ever convened in Red Bluff was summoned to attend at the present term of the County Court, all bring colorrd men save three. The case of John Coffee, colored, came on for trial at the opening of the term; and District Attorney Banks objected to the case being tried before them on the ground that a majority of the jury and been chosen from the class of people to whom the defendant belonged. Ned Lewis, on the other hand, stood ready to declare that every man had a right to be tried before a jury of his peers, and we may remark that according to the Democratic doctrine of caste and distinction of race or color the point may be considered well taken. However, Banks' motion for a continuance was sustained, the colored jury took up the case of the People vs. Lot, who was tried by a jury which stood nine colored and three Caucasian resulting in acquittal, so that the burden of the responsibility for the result was with our colored citizens.

The Bodie District.

The Bodie *Standard*, of December 19th, says that double the number of buildings now there would be erected if the lumber could be got, but fully one-third of the orders for it will have to remain unfilled until next Spring. The rush there has been so much greater than was expected that it is difficult for new-comers to find lodging. It therefore advises any who propose to make the trip to postpone it until winter is over. Mining operations have been suspended in several mines for want of supplies and material sufficient to continue work through the winter without interruption and meantime so many hands will not be employed. The district is unquestionably of great mineral richness, and next year a large population will have gathered there. The town of Bodie promises to become a place of much local importance. Roads are projected to leading points and to connect with places in Esmeralda, and work on them will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

"Water Hating Will"

Prince William, of Prussia, now on a visit to his grandmother in England, was called, in the nursery, "Water-hating Will," because of a decided dislike to the tubbing process; so, at least, a grave German doctor, formerly a professor of His Imperial Highness, tells us in a work called "Education at the Court of Berlin." Water-hating Will was also fond of being saluted by the sentinels about the New Schloss. The Crown Prince, perceiving this, gave general orders for the guards not to notice the young hydrophobist. Nettled at this neglect, the Queen's grandson ran to ask his father for an explanation, and was told that he, having, of his own will, descended to the unwashed classes, had lost rank in the eyes of the army, which could not recognize a Prince in a dirty handed boy.

Up and Down.

The rapid ebb of the Mongolian tide is causing a great deal of satisfaction at the present time; but in one way it works against us. When the news goes East that Chinamen are leaving California by ship-loads, Congress and the Cabinet will think the fear of an Asiatic inundation without limit is unfounded, and the present disposition to legislate, or negotiate, against such an influx will suffer change. Then when the agitation against the Chinaman ceases, the tide will gradually change—the immense cargoes of human beings will be coming instead of going. If we may judge from past experience the agitation will then recommence, like a see-saw. And now we go up and now we go down.

A Disappointment.

Oscanyan, the Turkish Consul-General at New York, has just met with a disappointment. The Porte appointed an agent to visit this country and purchase arms for Turkey. As this agent was ignorant of the English language, he was compelled to transact his buisness through Oscanyan, who claims the snug little fee of $200,000 for his services, alleging that to be his commission on $1,136,000. The agent refused payment and Oscanyan brought suit to recover, but lost his case, Judge Shipman, before whom it was tried, deciding that the plaintiff, being a public officer, was not entitled to receive this extra remuneration for his services.

A Contrast.

A strange contrast, says the Oakland *Transcript*, can be observed in this city on Sixth street. There is a beer hall above and a Sunday school house underneath. On Sunday last while a brass band above was sounding the storm march gallop, the little ones below were trying their best to render some of Charles Wesley's hymns. The beer houses in San Francisco are better patronized than the churches. Who is to blame for this? The preachers of that city run after any sensational topic, or a murder is seized upon to attract a crowd. There is too much buisness about the conduct of many of our preachers, and they have no room to complain of the manner in which secular business is conducted.

It is rumored that, on the re-establishment of peace in Turkey, Secretary Evarts will nominate Rev. Mr. Beecher as Minister to Constantinople. There would be a fitness about this which would raise it to just about the level of Mr. Evarts' average appointments.

Financial and Commercial.

Gold, Silver, Currency, Etc.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 31.

GOLD—Opened in New York this morning at 102⅝, closing at 3 P. M. at 102¾.

SILVER—Fine, in New York to-day, quoted at $1 17, gold per ounce.

LEGAL TENDERS—Buying, 97⅝; selling, at 97¾.

HALF DOLLARS—Brokers are buying, at 4.95@5 per cent. discount; selling, 4¼@4¾ per cent. discount.

TRADE DOLLARS—Buying, 95; selling at 95¾.

Liverpool Markets.

LIVERPOOL, December 31.

WHEAT—California, 12s 7d@12s 11d; Club, 12s 10d @ 13s 3d.

San Francisco Markets.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 31.

FLOUR—Extra, $7 00@$7 50 silver.

WHEAT—Shipping, $2 30@ $2 32; Milling, $2 32 @ $2 35.

BARLEY—Feed, $1 62 @ $1 63; brewing, $1 70 @$1 75.

OATS—Vary from $1 65 to $2 00.

HAY—Quotable at $15 00@$23 00.

POTATOES—$1 00@$1 65.

BUTTER—Fresh roll, 27c@35c; firkin, 22c @25c.

CHEESE—California, 17 @ 21c; Eastern, 18c @22c.

EGGS—Oregon, 40c; California, 45@47c.

WOOL—Southern, 9@15c; Northern, 13@20c; Oregon Spring, 20@30c.

Sacramento Markets.

SACRAMENTO, December 31.

FLOUR—Sacramento brands, $6 75, gold.

BUTTER—40@35c.

EGGS—40@45c.

ONIONS—1c.

HAY—$15 00@$18 00; Alfalfa, baled, $12 00@ $14 00.

POTATOES—New Early Rose, $1 25@$1 75.

Woodland Markets.

[REPORTED DAILY BY F. S. FREEMAN & CO.]

WOODLAND, January 2.

FLOUR—⅛ bbl, $7 00@$7 50.

SUGAR—Island Refined, 10 @ 11c; S. F. Golden C., 11c; S. F. Fine Crushed, 13½c; N. Y. Yellow C., 11¾c; N. Y. Fine Crushed, 14c; N. Y. Granulated, 13.

TEA—Japan, 35@60c.

CANDLES—14@20c.

SOAP—C. O., ⅛ lb 5@6½c; Cold Water Bleaching, 8@10c.

PRODUCE.

WHEAT—$2 12½@$2 17½.

BARLEY—$1 75.

POTATOES—$1 50.

HAY—$17 00.

EGGS—⅛ doz., 45c

POULTRY—Hens, ⅛ doz. $5 50@6 00; Chickens, $3 50@4 00; Turkeys ⅛ lb 14c.

BUTTER—35c.

WOOL—Spring, 20@25c; Fall, 12@14c.

A relative of General Grant is reported as saying that the ex-President will remain abroad "indefinitely," and adding: "I am sure he will not come back while the quarrel between Hayes and the party goes on. He dosn't want to be mixed up in it. You may make up your mind that while there is a conflict inside of the Republican party here Grant will keep abroad. * * * I suspect he is studying Civil Service administration on the other side."

The Hartford *Times* says: Patterson's picture of the betrayed and grieved colored Republicans gazing in silent sorrow upon Hayes as their murderer, just as wounded eagles are notoriously accustomed to gaze reproachfully at the insatiate archer, and to feel more uncomfortable over the idea that it is one of their own tail-feathers that winged the fatal arrow than at the thought that they are dying—this *coup d'œil* is said to have made Edmunds weep like a Vermont thunder-cloud in July, and to have caused even "the chair" to repeatedly blow its nose.

New Advertisements.

Election Notice!

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THE qualified Electors of Monitor School District, County of Yolo, State of California, that an election will be held on the 26TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1878, at which will be submitted the question of voting a Tax to complete the payment of the cost of building the present School House in said District. It will be necessary to raise for this purpose the sum of $800. The polls will be open at the Public School House in said District on Saturday, one hour after sunrise and remain open until sunset.

Dated January 3, 1878.

T. WEYAND,
GEO. SHARPNACK,
WM. MANORE,
District School Trustees.

ja3-td

C. F. GRISWOLD,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Stoves, Tin, Sheet-Iron AND COPPER-WORK.

Tin and Sheet-Iron Roofing A SPECIALTY.

GAS-FITTING AND PLUMBING In all its branches.

☞ ALL WORK GUARANTEED. ☜

Store, Two Doors West of Postoffice,
WOODLAND.
SIGN OF THE BIG TEAPOT. au25dw

A New Variety of Wheat.

This new, white, prolific wheat, imported direct from Europe, is a rapid grower and ripens eight days earlier than Club. From a very small portion of seed I raised 45 pounds; in 1876, (from this 45 pounds) 4,080 pounds; this harvest I have about ten tons more than is necessary for my own use, which I will sell in small lots at four cents per pound. The harvest of 1876 tested this wheat thoroughly, as it stood ten days after being dead ripe, and in a hurricane wind, just before being headed; it shelled less than the Club standing by its side. Samples of this wheat can be seen at the DEMOCRAT OFFICE. Both crops were sown in December on plowed land; that of 1876 was vitrioled to sow, so that it is much the darkest of the two. **DANIEL ARCHER,**
se7dw Madison, Yolo Co.

CALL AT

UNCLE JOE'S,

OPPOSITE THE POSTOFFICE,

For the Best of Everything IN HIS LINE!

Tropical Fruits,
Domestic Fruits,
Nuts of all kinds,
Candy Toys,

CIGARS AND TOBACCO, CANNED MERCHANDISE, ETC.

☞ Remember that Uncle Joe's niche is exactly opposite the Postoffice, and give him frequent calls. de21dlm

For Sale or Exchange for Land

The well known TACKNEY HOUSE in Woodland is offered as above by the owner. It is desirable, well paying property. Also, for sale, a BLACKSMITH SHOP, opposite the Tackney House, and THREE ACRES OF LAND west of the Catholic Church.

Apply for terms, etc., to JOHN TACKNEY, at the Capital Hotel, Woodland. de14dwlm

MISS MILLIE ROBINSON,

First-Class Dressmaker,

WITH MRS. & MISS PORTER, MILLINERS,
COLLEGE BLOCK.
MAIN STREET, WOODLAND.
oc15dw

J. W. KING,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Over Porter & Co., Woodland, Cal.

None but first-class work allowed to leave this Gallery.

COME AND SEE US. jeldw

ELSTON & WHITE,

Druggists and Chemists,

And Dealers in

SCHOOL BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES, Medicinal Liquors, Cigars, Tobacco, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Etc.,

MAIN STREET, - - WOODLAND.
jeld

Notice to the Ladies of Woodland.

New era in Wools and Fancy Goods. We propose that you shall not pay but Fifteen Cents per ounce for your Zephyr Wools hereafter, and not Twenty and Twenty-five Cents, which you have been compelled to pay heretofore or go to San Francisco, thereby taking trade from Sacramento. We lead in the reduction; now let all follow suit. We will keep on hand a full line of Zephyrs, Cardboard; also, all kinds of Beads, Fancy Goods in endless variety), Sheet Music, at our new store, Northwest Corner Sixth and J Streets. A Fresh Stock of Wools and Fancy Goods. Yours, very respectfully,

jy12-2pw JOHN F. COOPER.

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of C. T. Creason, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned Administrator of the Estate of C. T. CREASON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the office of F. E. BAKER, Esq., at Woodland, in the said County of Yolo.

Dated December 8th, 1877.

GEORGE HATCHER,
Administrator of the Estate of C. T. CREASON, deceased. de18w5t

Bridge Contract.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT SEALed proposals will be received by the Board of Supervisors of Yolo county, Cal., until JANUARY 14TH, A.D. 1878, at 2 P.M. for the construction of a bridge across a dry slough near Reardon's ranch south-west from Woodland. Said bridge to be constructed in accordance with plans and specifications on file in the County Clerk's office and to be completed within sixty days from date of letting contract. All bids must be accompanied with a good and sufficient bond in double the amount of the bid offered. Contract price payable in warrants drawn on the Contingent Fund at par. The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. D. M. BURNS,
de20td Clerk Board of Supervisors.

Yerby & Prior's

CARRIAGE DEPOT,

WASHINGTON BLOCK

WOODLAND.

We have on hand at our Carriage Depot, as above, a fine lot of Carriages of all kinds suited to the wants of this community, which are now open to inspection. An examination of them and comparison with other makes, is respectfully invited. We can supply

Family Carriages, Phætons and Buggies

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

All of which are built under contract in Chicago. There is

Better Workmanship and Materials

Used in the construction of these Carriages than in any that have ever before been offered in Yolo County, and

THEY ARE GUARANTEED

To do Good Service and Give Satisfaction to the purchaser.

Orders for Any Style of Carriage will be promptly filled.

Also, a Fine Lot of Eastern Harness

Of Any Style, to Suit the Tastes of Customers.
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GRAND REDUCTION IN PRICES!

A. BUTZ,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Informs the Public that he will make Clothing at Greatly Reduced Prices, and a

GOOD FIT GUARANTEED

IN EVERY CASE!

Business Suits,.....$30.
Pants,.....$6 to $14.
Dress Suits to Order,..$35 to $60.

Don't fail to call and examine my stock before going elsewhere, all my own manufacture. ☞ Remember the place.

MAIN ST., OPP. GOOD TEMPLAR HALL,
WOODLAND. deldw

H. KUHN & BRO.,

OPP. PORTER'S STORE, MAIN STREET,
WOODLAND.

Dealers in Tinware,
STOVES, RANGES,
PUMPS, WATER PIPES,
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, ETC.

Roofing, Plumbing, Gasfitting,
Galvanized Iron Water-Tanks, all sizes,
MADE TO ORDER.

☞ All orders from the country promptly attended to. se28dw

J. I. EATON

Is offering inducements to cash customers by selling at

REDUCED PRICES!

He keeps constantly on hand

Knights' Landing Flour,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR
From Knights Landing ... lle, and all kinds of
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,
DISHES, CANDIES, NUTS & NOTIONS
Of all kinds.

Goods delivered to any part of town free of charge.

Main and Third Street,
Opposite Masonic Hall, - Woodland.
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WOODLAND MILLS

J. M. RHODES, Prop'r.

ALWAYS ON HAND:

FINE & GRAHAM FLOUR, SHORTS

BRAN, CORN MEAL, ETC.

GRISTS AND FEED GROUND

ON SHORT NOTICE.

Market Price Paid for Good Wheat.
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A. F. SPENCE, M.D. D. R. BOULTON.

SPENCE & BOULTON,

SUCCESSORS TO
E. BYNUM & CO.,
College Block, Main St., Woodland.

DRUGS, MEDICINES,
PAINTS, OILS,
Fine Toilet Soaps, Brushes,
PERFUMERY,
Pure Wines and Liquors
For Medicinal Use,
Dye Woods and Dye Stuffs Generally.

Farmers and people from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete, warranted genuine, and of the best quality.

☞ Prescriptions accurately compounded of PURE DRUGS, Day or Night. se28dw

PICTURES, BOOKS, SHEET MUSIC Musical Instruments, Etc., at ST. LOUIS VARIETY STORE, Main Street, Woodland

The Yolo Democrat

Thursday, January 3d, 1878.

GEO. M. MOTT is the authorized agent of this paper in Sacramento for soliciting advertisements and subscriptions, collecting bills, etc.

Every letter or communication to the DEMOCRAT *should bear the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.*

Town and County Matters

The Race Saturday.

The three in five match trotting race, between Minnie Warren and Volcano, having been announced to come off Saturday, a large crowd assembled at the Woodland race course to witness the contest. After a long parley about who should act as judges, it was finally agreed that Messrs. Thomas Adams, William Voorhees and F. E. Baker should judge the race, and Pard. Fenner was selected as timer. At half past two o'clock the horses were called up and given their places, Minnie getting the pole. The track was in very poor condition owing to the recent rains, and very fast time was not anticipated. Hiller, the driver of the mare, insisted on a strict observance of the rules which Shock, the driver of the horse, assented to. After scoring several times the contestants were off, with a fair start, for the

FIRST HEAT.

At the rounding of the first turn Volcano broke badly, flying all to pieces, and by the time his driver got him under control, the little mare was away along the back stretch. It was evident that with what he lost in this break, he would lose the heat, so he got down to his work to save his distance, the mare showing splendid foot all the way around. He succeeded in closing up the gap to save his distance according to the decision of the judge at that station, although it was vehemently claimed by the backers of the mare that he was shut out. The Judges, however, gave the heat to the mare, and stood by the decision of the distance judge. Time, 3:6½.

SECOND HEAT.

After considerable scoring they were again tapped off, the mare a trifle in the lead, but before the first turn she made a bad break thereby loosing badly, the horse gaining all along the back stretch until the second turn when the mare broke into a run, passing her rival before reaching the home stretch. Notwithstanding the advantage thus gained by the mare the horse came under the wire first, winning the heat in 3:2¼. Very good time considering the bad condition of the track.

THIRD HEAT.

This heat began awkwardly, both horses being out of humor, and the drivers more so no doubt, the mare leading by a few lengths. Down the back stretch, around the turns and into the home stretch they came at a spanking gait, Volcano slightly in the lead. This advantage he maintained till the close of the heat, winning the same in 3:2¼, the same as the previous heat.

FOURTH HEAT.

The patience of the crowd was sorely tried by the needlessly tedious scoring made by the drivers at the commencement of this heat, and a sigh of relief went up when the bell at last tapped a 'go. This was the smoothest heat of the race, but the advantage the mare got at the start won it for her in 3:6¾.

FIFTH HEAT.

This left only one more turn around the track to decide the race, and the excitement consequent upon so close a contest. Betting ran high, all sorts of wagers being made, the horse the decided favorite, however. The horse took the pole on the first turn, and the mare breaking badly, a gap between them was made which all thought would never be closed. Neither would it have been had not Minnie, on rounding the second turn, broken into a run, which she kept up until the horse was passed just before coming into the home stretch. Although the mare came across the score ahead, the heat was, of course, accorded to the horse—the judges deciding that the horse had won the heat, the race and the money. Time: 3:3¾.

A written protest signed by four persons, claiming the race for Minnie Warren, on the ground that the horse was shut out on the first heat, was read from the stand, and according to the rules both the original money and that in the pool box was ordered to remain in the hands of the holders for a term of three weeks. So ended the much talked-of race.

An "Owl" Letter.

The following letter from an ex-Great Grand Screech Owl, an apostate himself of that honorable order, to a brother Owl who lately violated his obligation by getting married speaks for itself.

SACRAMENTO, Dec. 8th, 1877.

G. C. GRIMES, ESQ.—My Dear Boy—In glancing this morning over the columns of the WOODLAND DAILY DEMOCRAT I was agreably surprised to behold under the caption of "Married" a brief account of your wedding. Allow me to congratulate you and the fair one who wisely surrendered to the captivating woolngs of your Owlship. May the merry greetings which followed the holy vows prove a happy prelude to a life of mutual enjoyment and felicity, I remember with what steady devotion you upheld the laws and usages of the Society of Owls, when in its primest days you and I were hand in hand in our endeavors to maintain the good of the order and I can easily believe that, having been a good Owl in former days, you will now, in assuming a new phase of life, prove yourself to be a good "Hubbie." In taking your kind farewell of a once beloved order, which has outlived its usefulness, I trust you will look kindly on our few remaining deluded brethren, and advise with them regarding the necessity of following in your footsteps, and profiting by your example before it is everlastingly too late. Accept for yourself and lady my congratulations and good wishes.

Very Respectfully Yours, W. A. HENRY.

The Bulls, the Bears and the Bonanza.

For several days past the low growlings of the Arizona bears have been heard at intervals, growing more and more distinct until yesterday, when with what seemed a preconcerated movement, the stock came tumbling down—down until the McMillan, the magnificent McMillan was boldly offered for $6 per share, while Excelsior, which a few days ago was firm at $2.50 per share can find no takers at fifty cents per share. Can it be possible that all our curbstone brokers have lost confidence in their investments, and are unloading at such a rate as to cause depression, or is it the result of skillful manipulation on the part of the bear fraternity? Is it possible that operators who were glad to invest in Stonewall Jackson at $10 only a month or so ago will not touch a share now when it is offered at $6 per share? And this, too, when it is asserted in the correspondence which we publish elsewhere that the Company "have, boxed and sacked at their storeroom, 3,500 pounds of ore worth $10 per pound. This amount being added to daily at the rate of from one to three hundred pounds." Where is the boss? Where is the c. h.? What is the matter, anyhow? We confess we are mystified.

A Nuisance.

We like to see the boys have fun, and would never willfully throw an impediment in their way to prevent a full enjoyment on their part of their boyish sports. But we are compelled to rise and most earnestly protest against the practice our boys have of riding their velocipedes along the sidewalks. It is a nuisance which needs abating, and we believe we will be seconded by nine-tenths of the people of Woodland. There are plenty of places where they can exercise their three-wheeled vehicles without molesting pedestrians and disturbing the peace with their ear-torturing clatter.

The Ramie Plant.

Since 1844, the year in which the Ramie plant was first taken to Europe for investigation concerning its merits, it has by the beauty and strength of its fibre attracted much attention in manufacturing circles. It stood the test of thorough investigation, and every encouragment was given to the West India producers to induce them to cultivate it in sufficient quantities to supply an increasing demand. In 1857 it was introduced into the United States, since which time it has excited much interest among European manufacturers. They consider the fiber superior to that of any other textile plant, and of exceeding value for manufacturing purposes. The supply from the East Indies being entirely inadequate to fill the demand, it is very desirable that some other parts of the world where soil and climate are adapted towards its growth should embark in its cultivation.

The soil and climate of California are peculiarly adapted to a successful cultivation of the plant, it requiring a sandy, loamy soil and a temperate climate. Several experiments have been made in the southern counties of California, some of them on a large scale, all of which proved eminently successful as to the cultivation and growth of the plant. The reason it has never been made a success in this State so far, being the want of proper facilities for separating the fibre properly from the stem and woody substance of the outer bark. Mr. H. M. Jennings, at present a resident of Woodland, claims to have in his possession the secret by which the fibre can be separated from the stem in its most marketable form—a secret which, if true, is invaluable to its possessor. He has planted two acres of slips near town, that tract being capable of receiving 2,000 plants. They are sprouting nicely, and by the first of May the test will be sufficient as to whether they will grow as far north as Yolo county.

Mr. Jennings has the utmost confidence in the experiment, and should it prove successful a company will immediately be formed and its cultivation entered into on a large scale in this county. We hope his highest hopes may be realized, as, should such prove the case a new industry will be opened up to our farmers which cannot fail to add greatly to the wealth of the community.

Knights Landing Items.

A grand ball will be given in Union Hall on Tuesday evening Jan. 8th, under the management of A. O. Elbes, which the public are invited to attend.

The Orders of Odd Fellows and Masons each held elections last week. The Odd Fellows intend giving a ball and supper before long.

On Tuesday afternoon and evening Sacramento river rose six feet, but the next day fell four feet.

Wednesday morning a coffin box was discovered floating down the river but it was unable to be recovered. Parties standing on the bank, who saw it pass, say there was nothing in the box, but it looked as if it had just been taken from the ground.

Donald Crane has sold out his blacksmithing business to A. J. Wells, of Capay.

The Good Templars of Knights Landing will give a grand anniversary entertainment on the 24th of January.

I must not, however, neglect to mention a very pleasant surprise party which was tendered to Misses Louisa and Ada Rhorer. A select company convened at the house at an early hour in the evening and oscillation, mirth and joviality reigned supreme; and it was not until the cock proclaimed the matin to be near that we could summon the resolution to disband. It was a very pleasant party and I shall long remember it. E. B.

A Proposition.

The Alameda *Encinal* submits the following for the consideration of the Constitutional Convention: "We have a suggestion to make for the consideration of the Constitutional Convention—one we would like to have the press take up and discuss thoroughly. It is—that all local laws should be passed by Boards of Supervisors for townships, and by Municipal Councils for cities and towns. By this arrangement the people, in our opinion, would be more likely to obtain the laws they need—being made by their direct representatives—and the State Legislature would only be called upon to enact statutes of a general character, applicable to all alike. It would simplify matters of legislation greatly. There would be little call for a "third house," in our legislative halls; and, best of all, there would be no necessity for a State Legislature oftener than once in four years—thus making a grand saving to the people of the State. We advance our proposition as an economic measure, and as one that would be most likely to afford the greatest good to the greatest number of our people.

The Lecture and Dance.

Owing to some cause not known to us, Col. Black, who was to deliver a lecture at Washington Hall for the benefit of the Catholic church, Wednesday, failed to make his appearance. Considerable disappointment was manifested at the Colonel's non-appearance, but Father Largan in a few remarks explained the situation, and promises the coveted lecture at New Years. Quite a large audience had assembled at eight o'clock, and there being no lecturer on hand and everything being arranged for a social dance, there was nothing to do but to begin that pleasurable exercise. So the Ellis string band struck up a lively quadrille, and soon the disappointment at having missed the lecture was forgotten in the excitement of the dance. A very pleasant evening was spent by those present, and as far as we can learn the ball was a financial success.

A Shame.

While at the race course the other day we observed not less than a dozen boys, ranging from ten to fourteen years of age about the track, who made themselves conspicuous by their outlandish actions. How boys of their ages could have attained such proficiency in obscenity, profanity and general hoodlumism is a mystery. Disrespect toward their seniors seem to be leading characteristic among the rising generation of boys, and a thorough exemplification of that fact was witnessed on the race course Thursday. It cannot be possible that the parents of those boys knew of their whereabouts on that day, or are aware what proficiency they have attained in all those practices which go to make up the hoodlum. Verily, the question most serious just now, is, "What shall we do with our boys?"

Sideshows and Circus.

The Yolo *Mail* sneeringly refers to its exchanges as "side-shows, calling themselves newspapers." From this we infer that the *Mail* considers itself the big circus, with the menagerie attached, the horses, the ringmaster, the rope dancer in tights, the champion bare-back rider of the world, the tumblers and the *clown*, all in one; while such papers as the *Record-Union*, the *Call*, the Colusa *Sun*, and the Oakland *Democrat*, represent "the living skeleton, who plays the fiddle with his feet," "the albinos, having no perceptible consistency of color," "the wild gorilla of Borneo," and "the fat woman," respectively. Verily the *Mail* is a giant in the journalistic world.

The newspapers are telling about a man who died in a barber's chair. That was an opportunity that does not occur to one barber in a thousand. What loads of fat he must have rubbed into the dead man's hair; what ingenious combinations of camphor, mutton-tallow and powder he must have made on the cold clammy cheeks! How liberally he must have plastered the eye-brows and mustache with rascally pomatum, and how copiously deluged the head with "our own invigorator," settling the affairs of the nation meanwhile in each deaf, dead ear! Many an ambitious barber would be willing to live ten centuries to get a chance like that.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

[WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE DEMOCRAT.]

BY "INDEX."

Not having any legislative report to make, our regular correspondent at Sacramento sends us the following story, appropriate to the New Year. We think it well worth reading:

It is about the things that occurred an hundred years ago and was told me by my grandfather when I was a little boy, fifty years back. He was a large, portly man and would take me on his knee and tell me tales of the Revolutionary War. He said:

"James, you see a great while ago the British wanted to tax us, and did not want us to have anything to say about the Government. So we determined to let them know that this was wrong, and if King George would not let us alone but continue to levy takes on us we would declare war and fight him.

"I was then living near to a town called Carlisle, in Cumberland county, and this county embraced all Western Pennsylvania. Congress met and declared that we were independent of Great Britain. Mr. Wilson, of Carlisle, was our Congressman, and at a meeting in the town he told us what we should suffer if we went to war, and told us if we got our Independence we would be a great people.

"Then he said, 'All in favor of fighting for our independence and suffering for our country will march over to this side, and all who are against to that side.' We all went to the fighting side but two. They were afterwards called 'Tories.'

"Well, we had soldiers sent over to compel us to submission, but it was of no use. Proclamations were issued, but we did not heed them.

"After a while we raised a company of volunteers in and around Carlisle. The company was mounted and nearly every one supplied his own horse. They elected me Captain for I had been very active in getting it up.

"So we went from comfortable houses, and warm beds and good food to the war.

"At first it was not so bad, as we were on skirmishing parties and foraging raids. There were a good many Quakers in that part of Pennsylvania, and we used to call them 'Tories' and take their sheep and hogs, and grain, and cattle and carry them to the army.

"I forgot to tell you that the army was put into winter quarters in what was called 'Valley Forge.' The British were encamped near us and used to watch us and often chase us into camp, but we were pretty well mounted and generally got all our plunder into the lines and to camp to the hungry soldiers.

"Several times we were near being caught by their scouting parties, but the officers encouraged us and said we were young and active, and a little reckless, and didn't care just so we could get something for the men to eat and wear. The men often had no shoes, no stockings and nothing but potatoes to live on.

"We heard there were some 'Red Coats' near us and that there were not more than fifty of them, and that they had been foraging and had got a lot of cattle and all kinds of useful things for their army.

"My men wanted to have the glory of taking these things and bringing them to our half-starved comrades. We said to the Commander, who was then with us—that is, to General Washington, we will try and take this forage for our army. The *we*, were the two Lieutenants and myself.

"After some objections and some additions to our number he sent us out, but gave the command to an officer higher in grade than me. He was a Major. It was on the evening of the 31st of December, and we boasted that we would bring them back such a nice New Year's dinner.

"It was dark when we left camp, and very cold. There was some snow on the ground and the Major thought he would surprise the British party. My troop was in the front, and the Major riding along side of me. We were halting—then moving—being guided by a spy who accompanied us.

"We were now in a field and some timber just before us; if we could gain the timber the enemy were just beyond and we could get close to them and charge them—surprise, and take and drive the stock and wagons back to camp.

"Just as we were entering this timber or woods, a volley of musketry was poured on us and we were in confusion in an instant, but rallied again and were met with a second fire. This time my horse fell, and I felt a stinging feeling just here in this arm."

And the old man would then hold up his sleeve and show me where a buck shot had entered his right arm. Then he would proceed with his story.

"How the rest got away I know not, but I was nearly frozen and got into the fence corner and bandaged my arm with an old bandana handkerchief to stop the blood. Near to where I was lying was another poor fellow who had a coat. I crawled to him for fear the enemy, some of whom were galloping about, would see me, but found him dead. I took his coat and laid down beside him, awaiting the 'Red Coats' to go away. After a long time it became daylight.

"I was then so thirsty that I could not resist the temptation of going to a spring-house that was a short distance from the fence I had got to.

"Inside this spring-house, which was built over the spring, was a quaker woman skimming some cream from the milk.

"She at once recognized me as a 'Yankee,' and told me I must leave or I would be taken, as the British were up to the house awaiting breakfast. 'Thee must leave if thee don't want to be taken by the Red Coats.'

"I looked up and saw some flax on top of the little spring-house. 'Cannot I go up there?'

"Yes thee may go up there, but mind, I do not allow thee to go up, nor do I shelter thee."

"Smiling she added, 'Thou knowest they would take all we have if I gave a traitor shelter.'

"I clambered up to the left and covered myself up in the flax determined to wait until night and then try and get back to the camp at the Forge, which was about seven miles distant.

"I was weak from loss of blood and hunger but when I got warm in the flax I fell asleep and slept for many hours. It was some time after dark when I was awakened by low voices and whispered words, to 'be careful and make no noise.'

"I thought I was gone, and got out a pistol I had with me and cocked it and held it my left hand ready to kill at least one, when a light was opened up, and coming up the ladder was a lady in a white cap and smiling face beneath the cap. Along with her was a maid. She spoke, 'Well, is thee starving? I could not come to thee until the Britishers were gone; but now take some bread and milk, it will do thee good.'

"It did do me good," the old man would say. "It was the best New Year's dinner I ever ate in my life. How she dressed my wounds, sent a boy over a mile with me toward camp for fear I should get lost, how I got into camp and boasted of my glorious New Years' dinner, would be too long to tell. Now this is my first New Years' story, about a New Years' dinner in 1788 and Valley Forge.

"What good does it do a boy," says a contemporary, "to teach him algebra and geometry, when there is not one chance in a hundred that he will ever need to make practical use of either?" Well, what good does it do a young athlete to swing clubs and dumb-bells? He is not going to get his living that way. What good does it do a man to walk five or ten miles a day if he is not intending to make gate money, and win stakes as a pedestrian? What good does it do him to take a swim two or three times a week in the bay if he is not going to carry passengers, assist at a shipwreck, or be a fish? pertinently asks the *Argonaut*.

The Globe District.

Yesterday's DEMOCRAT contained extracts from a letter of a correspondent of the Arizona *Citizen*, purporting to give an accurate account of the development, richness and general status of the mines in the Globe district. It is evident he gave as flattering an account as the facts would warrant, and as the DEMOCRAT is only disposed to give *facts* concerning all that pertains to the welfare of our citizens, we to-day publish extracts from a correspondent from the same District, whose letter appeared in yesterday's *Call*. He claims to be a totally disinterested party in the premises. He starts out by saying that the above mentioned locality is a promising mining district, and continues as follows:

"The continual shipment of rich ores to San Francisco ultimately attracted the attention of Nevada miners, and to-day if the visitor to Globe district comes upon a mine which is plainly being opened with economical judgment and skill, he will find that in nearly every instance that a Nevada, or at least a Pacific Coast miner is in charge. This is nothing more than might be expected. If the men who have spent a dozen years and large amounts of money in prospecting and mining on the Comstock, or in eastern Nevada, have not acquired experience which is to be of service to them now, then it is needless to talk of the possibility of acquiring such a thing. Even the costly blunders committed by men groping their way through untrodden paths of mining and milling practice, are of lasting value in reminding the victims that there are certain kinds of lodes and formations they will do well to keep clear of, and that "new fangled" milling processes and schemes rarely make money for the men who have to foot the bills. The public will hear more of the mines of Arizona during the next two years through Nevada men than through any other operators, and the time is not far off when the crowds that run after exciting discoveries will not be kept out of Globe and other of our mining districts, even if a thirty-foot board fence is placed in their way. The wealth is here, and those who wish to have a share of it will certainly come when the proof of its existence is presented in substantial coin-yielding form.

THE RUSH OF VISITORS.

There have been several San Franciscans here within the last week or two. Mr. Samuel McMasters, a well-known practical mining expert, has been looking at some of the mines, but I fear the developments were too limited to suit his views. It takes time even in good mines to prove that they are permanently valuable. Mr. I. M. Taylor, an old time mining operator, has also been looking around, and the little town of Woodland has had its Committee of Inquiry in and out of prospecting holes for several weeks past. There is a mine here owned by a Woodland Church Company, a sort of holy-brotherdood incorporation, the shares in which were sold for ten times more than the claim itself would bring, but the sufferers I suppose bore their wrongs in a Christian spirit, and now that it is said some silver ore is appearing in the incline in place of iron rock, they may yet have an opportunity of becoming jubilant over their "luck." A gentleman representing the oil interests of Pennsylvania has been figuring upon one or two promising mining properties in the district, but with what result I know not. He is to return in February, and as the representative of abundant means, I have no doubt he can make good investments.

The mine spoken of in the last paragraph of course refers to the Excelsior. His suggestion that they may have an opportunity of becoming jubilant over their "luck," we hope will become more than a suggestion. Further on he speaks as follows of newspaper exaggerations:

Week after week may be seen in the pages of Arizonian newspapers, statements in regard to the mines of the Territory, that are totally false. The last string of bogus pearls of that sort that I have seen was in the *Arizona Sentinel*, copied from the Los Angeles *Herald*. It was a choice collection, one gem of which will suffice.

"The Stonewall Jackson has a three-foot ledge of almost pure metal—silver."

The editors of the local papers no doubt regard it as absolutely necessary to build up the reputation of a mining district in the prosperity of which their whole business hopes are centered; but lies will never aid them in that laudible desire.

Such are the ideas of one who evidently is not prejudiced one way or the other concerning the mines which have caused so much talk and excitement in Woodland.

Protracted Meeting.

We are requested to state that a series of meetings will be held in the new Christian Chapel in Sacramento, commencing this evening at 7 o'clock P. M. Elder H. D. Connell will do the preaching.

The dedication services will not take place at present.

Solano County Items.

[From the Dixon *Tribune* of Saturday.]

George Frahm, of the City Hotel, had a Christmas tree Monday evening for the benefit of patrons of the house, the family and a few invited friends. The tree was placed in the dining-room, where about 9 o'clock P.M. fifty or sixty ladies, gentlemen and children had assembled. As the tree had been covered with lights and a variety of ornaments it presented a very handsome appearance; and what was still better upon it hung a goodly number of presents. Mr. Frahm officiated as Santa Claus and distributed the presents with many humorous comments thereon.

Mr. Joel A. Harvey, County Clerk, has been spoken of in Republican circles as a possible candidate for delegate to the Constitutional Convention.

The farmers who built the levee last year to prevent overflow from Putah Creek, have been working on and strengthening it. They believe that it will now stand the floods securely.

Taxes are coming in this year with unusual slowness. Up to Monday, two weeks from the last day before the taxes become delinquent, only one-fifth of the total amount had been paid in, and this by only one-third of the tax-payers. The prospect for a large delinquent list is good.

W. J. Scott met with an accident in Centennial Hall Wednesday, falling from a step-ladder and cutting one hand severely with a lamp chimney.

O. T. Boardman, of Yolo county, has been elected Principal of the Dixon public school. All the other teachers are the same as last term.

Salt for Killing Geese.

Mr. W. C. Harris, of Berlin, suggests the use of common salt to kill wild geese. Recently he made a strong brine, and, boiling wheat in it, set it out as a bait. Next morning he found two dead geese at the wheat and a score that got away were suffering from the effects. It is as well for farmers to make the trial, as there are so many legitimate reasons against the use of poison for this purpose.

MARRIED.

At Merritt's Station, Jan. 1st, 1878, by Elder J. N. Pendegast, J. F. Carter and Miss Mary R. Furry.

At the residence of the bride's father, Dec. 25th, by the Rev. W. C. Curry, Mr. George Weaver, of Winters, to Miss Olive E. Ferguson, of this place.

May they live long and prosper, and their present happiness go on forever.

One Cake of Leef's California Yeast will make over ten loaves of bread.

When a Lady sprinkles her dressing-room with MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER, it becomes to one sense at least a delicious floral bower. No tropical grove can exhale a rarer fragrance.

A Card to the Public.

For many years we have made two medicines suited to the ailments of a vast class of sufferers. Thousands of cures have been made by them, and, in fact, the word failure could not be coupled with them. But within the last two years counterfeits of our medicines have sprung up, dangerous in their close imitation of our trade mark. To secure the people we have placed upon each genuine box of Holloway's Ointment the fac simile of the signature of our agent, Mr. Jos. Haydock. To counterfeit is felony. We shall relentlessly pursue any one who imitates this with the utmost rigor of the law. We most earnestly beg that the great mass of the American people will aid us in our efforts to protect their health, and help us in our task of bringing these most unprincipled men to the bar of justice. Uniformly refuse to purchase Medicines purporting to be ours unless Mr. Jos. Haydock's signature is attached to each box of Pills or pot of Ointment, and the end will soon be reached.

The public's obedient servants,
HOLLOWAY & Co.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

The rainfall at Sacramento for the year 1877 was 8.517 inches.

Capay Valley Stove Wood for sale at Jackson's Machine Shop—$6 per cord.

Sharp frosts and pleasant days have been the order in this vicinity for a week past.

Go to Jackson's New Foundry for all kinds of Machine, Stove and Ornamental Castings.

There will hereafter be preaching at the Congregational Church every Sunday at 11 A.M. and 6:30 P.M. by Rev. Mr. Beatzely.

Don't leave your old Castings lying around in your way: Jackson pays a cent a pound for them.

Hon. John Lambert, Joint Senator for Solano and Yolo, spent New Years Day in Woodland. He is looking and and feeling remarkably well.

O. D. Reed, Jr., of Davisville, formerly a conductor on the Cal. P. R. R., died at his residence in that place last Sunday after a short illness.

Mr. J. L. Simpson agent for the Ætna and Hartford Insurance Companies, has presented us with useful calendars issued by his companies respectively for 1878.

We noticed I. W. Jacobs in town Friday He was no doubt looking out for his interest as usual. Jake is a brick and we are sure to have some fun when he comes over.

We have twice witnessed the working of the Sprague Churn in the manufacture of butter and must accord it a first place in machines of that kind. We recommend it to all butter makers.

The National Gold Medal was awarded to Bradley & Rulofson for the best photographs in the United States, and the Vienna medal for the best in the world. 429 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A. G. Read will sell at auction at Read & Simpson's Store on Wednesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday of this week, a splendid lot of gold and silver watches and chains. Come and get a bargain.

A splendid heavy silver Waltham watch for $20, the latest improved style gold-hinged, worth $40; I will sell it to you warranted for five years. Shall I send it by express? Uncle Harris, 792 Kearney street, San Francisco.

The lecture of Col. Black, for the benefit of the Catholic Church and residence, which was expected about New Years will not take place until after the 6th. Persons having tickets will be admitted without extra charge. Due notice will be given.

A gentleman has authorized us to send him a purchaser for one thousand shares of Excelsior stock at 50 cents a share. Step up, gentle brokers. "Buy 'em when they're low, and sell 'em when they're high," was the motto upon which Gashwiler got rich.

Go to G. W. Greene for Sheet Music and Musical Merchandise.

Col. A. Stevenson, President of the V. V. & C. L. Railroad, was on a business visit to Woodland Monday. He reports Solano county as all right so far, but longs for copious rains, as the welfare of his road depends greatly upon heavy crops in that and Yolo counties.

Sherman & Hyde Square Grand, four round corners, only $500. Warranted for ten years.

If cold clear mornings with heavy frosts indicate approaching rain, then we are to be blessed with a big shower before long, as we seldom witness colder weather or heavier frosts than have occurred within the last few days. We hope the sign will hold good for a heavy rainfall soon.

Sherman & Hyde's is the largest music house on the Pacific Coast. Buy only of responsible Agents.

Milton Galbraith has added a new coat of paint to the fronts of two of his brick buildings on Main street, thereby adding greatly to their appearance. Let others follow his example and we shall have cause to congratulate ourselves up on the attractive appearance of our business buildings.

Mrs. Edwards will take orders for Sherman, Hyde & Co's Pianos, and will sell them at San Francisco prices.

G. J. Cole, who took a trip to Arizona some weeks ago has returned. He reports a very pleasant time, and saw many things to excite his wonder and admiration while gone. We hope to give a synopsis of his examinations and opinion of the mines in the Globe District in to-morrow's DEMOCRAT.

Mrs. Edwards, teacher of vocal and instrumental music. Orders left at Green's Jewelry Store.

James Sibley, formerly of Woodland, but for some years a resident of one of the Southern counties, is in town on a visit to his sister, Mrs. C. P. Sprague. He expresses both surprise and admiration at the progress woodland has made during his absence. We should be glad to have Jim amongst us again as a permanent resident.

Sherman & Hyde will exchange organs for pianos, and new instruments for old ones.

"J-e-e-whillikens! ain't that purty?" was the exclamation of a country lad while gazing with mouth agape at Prof. Greiner's glass steam engine. The Professor looked highly gratified at the boy's evident admiration of his pet exhibit, not being aware that the chap had sneaked into the show by crawling under the tent.

All the great artists use the Weber Piano.

Weber Pianos took first premium at the Centennial.

One of the pleasantest calls we have had for some time was that of Wm. Earll of Dunnigan, who dropped in on us Friday morning. Added to the pleasure of seeing and conversing with friend Earll, he handed us the price of subscription for the DAILY DEMOCRAT for the ensuing year. May long life and uniform success attend him.

Buy the Sherman & Hyde Square Grand Piano.

We learn from the *Yolo Mail* that "the war in the East is still dragging along." This is gratifying, considering that only a week or two ago the same paper shouted, "Plevna has fallen! All the Russian army has to do now is to march into and occupy Constantinople. Alas! for the downfall of the Ottoman Empire!" etc. We are glad the *Mail* has found out that the war still drags.

An eight-stop Estey Organ, a seven-stop Smith Organ and a ten-stop Clough & Warren Organ, for sale very cheap at Green's jewelry store.

Through Dewey & Co., Patent Agents, San Francisco, we receive the following list of U. S. patents granted to Pacific Coast inventors, viz: John F. Boye, S. F., Cal., desk; W. R. Young, Healdsburg, Cal., combination padlock; John L. Boone and E. J. Fraset, S. F., Cal., timing attachment for racing vehicles; C. Gladding, Lincoln, Cal., stone-ware kiln; H. S. Smith, S. F., Cal., car wheel.

Sherman, Hyde & Co., San Francisco, sell Pianos and Organs on easy terms.

Geo. J. Garey claims to have borne off the palm at the big turkey shooting match Christmas Day. The exploit of which he is evidently very proud was as follows: His first eight shots proved a waste of powder. He then began a second round, bagging ten fine gobblers in the next succeeding thirteen shots. This made ten turkeys out of a possible twenty-one, at a range of 180 yards offhand. Pretty good shooting, sure enough.

Buy the celebrated Estey Organ, Sherman, Hyde & Co. Agents, San Francisco.

Our friend Maj. J. E. R. O'Farrell, County Surveyor elect and descendant of the Princes of County Clare, has yielded to the urgent solicitations of his many friends and allowed a number of his pictures to be struck off for general distribution. The face is a splendid likeness, but from the chin down he more resembles two or three of his boon companions whose clothes he had on at the time he visited the artist, having borrowed them for the occasion.

Holiday Advertisement!

A. ALEXANDER

—AT THE—

WHITE HOUSE,

—THE GREAT—

CLOTHING & DRY GOODS

EMPORIUM OF WOODLAND,

Has on display at his immense store the Completest, Richest and Most Elegant Stock of Holiday Goods ever presented to the public in this town. The Store as it now appears is

DAZZLING and GORGEOUS

In its magnificence.

A CHOICE AND UNEQUALED DISPLAY OF

SILVERWARE!

—CONSISTING OF—

Splendid Watches, Castors and Bells for Table use, Cake Baskets, Butter Bowls, Spoons in sets, Card Receivers and a hundred other articles.

The Low Prices at the East enable us to sell goods in this department at

EXTREMELY LOW FIGURES!

CROCKERYWARE!

Special attention is called to our magnificent collection of

Japanese, Chinese, English and French Crockeryware,

The Finest and Best ever offered for sale anywhere.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

We have a complete outfit of DOLLS, all sizes and all prices,

Toys of Every Conceivable Description!

And, indeed, everything the little innocents could possibly desire.

AN ATTRACTIVE FEATURE

Is a Fine Collection of

Genuine Oil Paintings!

Prominent among which is a View in the Andes, View on the Hudson River, Scene in Scotland, Waterfall in the Adirondacks, Hunting Scene, etc., etc. But we cannot enumerate: To fully appreciate our

Magnificent Stock of Holiday Goods!

You MUST come and see. Call early and BUY PRESENTS FOR YOUR FRIENDS.

THE DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING

DEPARTMENT!

Is as usual filled to repletion with a Splendid Stock of Latest Styles of Clothing and Most Fashionable Dry Goods. **New Goods are Constantly Arriving** at

A. ALEXANDER'S WHITE HOUSE.

de11dw

GEO. D. FISKE & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

LUMBER DEALERS!

Will have constantly on hand

All Kinds of Lumber

MANUFACTURED IN THE SIERRA RANGE,

—SUCH AS—

Nos. 1 and 2 Sugar Pine, Common Sugar Pine, Yellow Pine Rustic, Flooring, Finishing, Etc.

ALL THE DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF

ROUGH LUMBER

FOR FRAMING & FENCING PURPOSES!

—ALSO,—

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, ETC., ETC.

WILL SELL AT REASONABLE RATES

Office & Yards Near Depot,

Cor. Main and Sixth Streets,

Woodland, Cal.

Depot of Sierra Flume and Lumber Co.

no18dw

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!

Closing Out at Cost,

FOR CASH.

TO DISSOLVE PARTNERSHIP!

$50,000.00 Worth

—OF—

General Merchandise!

—CONSISTING OF—

DRY GOODS!

Clothing, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Queensware, Hardware, and FARMING IMPLEMENTS, of all kinds, now in store at

KNIGHTS LANDING

AND BLACK'S STATION,

—ALSO,—

160 ACRES OF LAND

Seven miles Northwest of Black's Station, in Bird Hollow,

20 head Horses,
4 second-hand Header Wagons,
2 Headers,
1 Grain Derrick,
2 Buggies,
And 1 Spring Wagon.

The Stocks of Goods are large and varied. GOOD BARGAINS will be given; call and examine for yourselves.

All those indebted to us must come and pay up without delay and save cost.

HUSTON BROTHERS.

Knights Landing & Blacks Station, Oct, 23, '77. oc23dwtf

WOODLAND VARIETY STORE,

OPPOSITE COLLEGE,

Main Street, Woodland, Cal.

A full stock of Stationery, School Books, Pictures,

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

Mirrors, Brackets and Pockets, Bird Cages, Abelone Jewelry, Guns, Pistols, Ammunition, Tobacco, Cigars, Nuts, Candies, an endless variety of Toys, etc.

Catholic Books & Pictures a Specialty.

All goods selected with care, and will be sold at a reasonable profit. Please give me a call. Jeldw GEO. C. ST. LOUIS.

FOR SALE.

The splendid GEO. WOODS' ORGAN recently used in the Catholic Church can be seen at J. K. Smith's Store. Go and see it, and get a bargain. de14dwtm

NEW MUSIC STORE!

N.W. COR. SIXTH AND J STREETS,

SACRAMENTO!

Pianos, Organs

SHEET MUSIC,

All kinds of Smaller Musical Instruments,

FANCY GOODS,

ZEPHYR WOOL, SILVER AND GOLD CARD BOARD,

CANVASS & BEADS.

New Goods received nearly every day.

We have reduced the price of Zephyrs which have sold in Sacramento heretofore for 35 and 25 cents per ounce. to 15 cents per ounce.

GIVE US A CALL!

JOHN F. COOPER.

jy12-5ptf

THE SUN.

1878. NEW YORK. 1878.

As the time approaches for the renewal of subscriptions, THE SUN would remind its friends and wellwishers everywhere, that it is again a candidate for their consideration and support. Upon its record for the past ten years it relies for a continuance of the hearty sympathy and generous co-operation which have hitherto been extended to it from every quarter of the Union.

The **Daily Sun** is a four-page sheet of 28 columns, price by mail, post paid, 55 cents a month, or $6.50 per year.

The **Sunday** edition of THE SUN is an eight page sheet of 56 columns. While giving the news of the day, it also contains a large amount of literary and miscellaneous matter specially prepared for it. THE SUNDAY SUN has met with great success. Post paid $1.20 a year.

The Weekly Sun.

Who does not know THE WEEKLY SUN? It circulates throughout the United States, the Canadas and beyond. Ninety thousand families greet its welcome pages weekly, and regard it in the light of guide, counsellor and friend. Its news, editorial, agricultural and literary departments make it essentially a journal for the family and the fireside. Terms: **One Dollar** a year, post paid. This price, quality considered, makes it the cheapest newspaper published. For clubs of ten, with $10 cash, we will send an extra copy free. Address, PUBLISHER OF THE SUN, New York City.

no15w8t

New Furniture Store!

T. J HORN,

Desires to inform the residents of Woodland and vicinity that he has just started a New Furniture Store in

WASHINGTON HALL, WOODLAND,

And respectfully solicits their patronage. A stock of Furniture on hand.

Furniture Made to Order.

Repairing Done on Short Notice.

Please give me a call. T. J. HORN.

no17w3m

LOTS FOR SALE

IN CACHEVILLE.

LEONARD KNIGHT,

Of Cacheville, offers for sale a number Village Lots in Cacheville,

AT LOW PRICES!

And on Favorable Terms to the Purchaser.

The Lots are Eligibly Located

And desirable for Residences or other purposes.

LEONARD KNIGHT, Proprietor.

Cacheville, Dec. 5th, 1877. de5w1m

A. WEAVER,

HAS REMOVED

From his old stand to his new building,

East of Washington Hall,

MAIN STREET, WOODLAND,

Where he is prepared to do all kinds of

BLACKSMITHING, WAGON-MAKING,

AND REPAIRING ON SHORT NOTICE,

In the Best Manner and at Reasonable Rates. de5w3m

LIVERY & FEED STABLES!

Weekly Compendium of News.

CHICAGO wants a mining stock exchange.

SENATOR PATTERSON'S condition is improving.

THE City Hall at Portsmouth, N. H., was burned.

GEORGIA realized $1,500,000 from dried peaches this year.

SAN MATEO farmers are sowing flax extensively this season.

PENDLETON'S chances for the Ohio Senatorship are improving.

THE colored baby show in New York attracts thousands of visitors.

THE banking-house of George Baker, at Chester, Pa., has suspended.

Dressed beef is being shipped from Reno, Nev., to San Francisco.

UKIAH has a monster ox weighing 2,220 pounds and standing 14½ hands.

TRAMPS in Hanover county, Va., are laid across barrels and flogged.

LAKE county farmers are commencing to plant fruit and ornamental trees.

BUSINESS was suspended in New York on Monday as Tuesday was Christmas.

IT now costs only five cents for a ride on any street railroad in San Francisco.

THE Texas Pacific Railroad bill will have a hard time to get through Congress.

ENGLAND wants to, but is slightly afraid to interfere in the Eastern war matters.

UNITED STATES troops have arrived at San Elizario Texas, and blood may be shed.

THE Canadian Parliament is summoned for the dispatch of Business for January 15th.

FRENCH Exposition Commissioner-General McCormick will open an office in New York.

LIVELY times on the Rio Grande are expected. Texas means to do more than the Government.

THE income tax case of Samuel J. Tilden has been peremptorily ordered for trial on January 5th.

THE Queen will probably request of the British Parliament an extra grant for the army and navy.

TEN persons were killed by the fall of the gable of Milne's Hotel at Edinburg, Scotland, last week.

SECRETARY SCHURZ has decided that swamp lands included within rejected Mexican grants lapse to the State.

SIX Steamers left New York for Europe one day last week, carrying large cargoes of grain, fish, meat and oysters.

FOREFATHERS' Day—Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims—December 22, was celebrated in the Eastern States.

A FRENCH chemist is said to have succeeded in producing a paint with which to illuminate the numbers on street doors at night.

IT is reported in Rome that the Countess of Miraflore, wife of King Victor Emanuel, is dead in Turin. The King has gone thither.

IT is understood that Patterson will eventually resign his seat in the Senate, and that Wade Hampton, who covets the place, will get it.

IN consequence of the proposed reduction of wages after the holidays one thousand iron workers at Sheffield, England, have struck.

THE British Bible Society reports an astonishing demand for the Bible among the Cossacks, over 50,000 have been distributed within the last few weeks.

THE Texan Rangers who surrendered to the Mexican marauders have gathered reinforcements and followed the Mexicans across the Rio Grande.

THE House Committee on Foreign Affairs will summon Minister Foster from Mexico, and also some of the Consular agents on the ower Rio Grande.

A BOILER in a large candy manufactory in New York, exploded and set fire to the building. About forty hands, mostly young girls and boys were killed.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL KEY made his first official visit to New York City, inspecting the postage stamp agency and manufactory for postal cards and the Postoffice.

A PARIS dispatch says the Marquis of Harcourt, the French Ambassador to London, is to be removed and the Marquis of Banneville will go as Ambassador to Constantinople.

THE farmers in Scotland have suffered severe loss this year by bad weather, and their aggregate revenue will fall short of that received in good years by an estimated amount of $40,000,000.

THE last French census, taken in 1876, the results of which are just made public, shows an increase of 800,000 in the population in five years. The latest previous census had shown a decrease.

IN the case of the People vs. Lambert, President of the American Popular Life Insurance Company of New York for swearing to a false report of the Company's affairs, the jury found a verdict of guilty.

THE steamer Huntsville, Captain Faircloth, from Savannah, December 16th, for New York, was burned at sea on the 18th instant. No lives lost. The crew were picked up by a pilot boat and taken to New York.

BEEF can be boughtin Beldegrast one penny per pound, and forwarded to London by express trains in six days or less at a cost of three farthings a pound. Fat pigs can be bought at 2½d per pound and lambs at £1 per score.

AT the request of Senators Booth and Sargent, and the entire Pacific Coast Delegation, Major Ben. C. Truman has been appointed Special Postal Agent of the Pacific Coast Department, with headquarters in San Francisco.

COLONEL CORLEY, late of the Sitting Bull Commission, believes that Sitting Bull merely crossed the border to get arms recently buried by his men in the United States Territory, but believes it only a question of time when he will return and make trouble.

THE Emperor of Russia has issued a decree by the terms of which every soldier actually present at the seat of war will be capable of promotion to an officer's rank for distinguished military services. Further advances will be dependent on their successfully passing the usual examinations.

OFFICIAL dispatches from El Paso, received at General Sherman's headquarters, state the nothing of importance has occurred within the last twenty-four hours. The United States troops have begun to arrive there from New Mexico, and it is expected a sufficient force will soon be there to render further disturbance of peace unlikely.

ITALY has been famous for its artists and its fine paintings. Now an effort seems to be put forth to encourage useful industries. Five hundred groups of cheeses were recently displayed in the Royal Palace at Portici, near Naples. The exhibition was for the purpose of encouraging the manufacture of cheese in the best manner. Italians rarely drink milk, but cheese is an important article in that country. Prizes are to be awarded to the successful exhibitors.

NOTHING has been heard of Murphy, the absconding Excise Commissioner of New York. President Morton expects soon to secure enough evidence to warrant the arrest of third parties, with whom Murphy had questionable transactions in which excise money was used.

THE new Italian Cabinet is composed as follows: M. Depritis, President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Cheepi, Minster of the Interior; M. Mazzacape, Minister of War; M. Brin, Minister of Marine; M. Manetni, Minister of Justice; M. Mazleano, Minister of Finance; M. Perez, Minster of Public Works. The King has signed decrees nominating the new Ministers under Signor Depritis, as previously reported.

THE Lachine Canal strike is ended.

SAN DIEGO has had five inches of rain.

SCHURZ will not resign but may be removed.

TURKISH prisoners at Bogot are dying of cold.

THE Servians have captured two Turkish fortresses.

THE Chesapeake and Ohio railroad is to be sold at auction.

PHILIP VEIT, the celebrated German fresco painter, is dead.

NICHOLAS GOLOSECOA, a famous Roumanian statesman, is dead.

ANOTHER New Jersey savings bank has gone out of business.

A PETITION is being circulated at Vallejo for the protection of quail.

BEN BUTLER will be chairman of a committee in a Democratic Congress.

THE President's silver wedding is now agitating Washington social circles.

NEW YORK is to have rapid transit. They have had a banquet in its honor.

DOR BOSS a well known railroad man of Springfield, Illinois, died at Denver.

A MAN named Edward Trimpy was killed by Kitty Sparrow in a Deadwood saloon.

HAYES thinks the office of Third Assistant Secretary of State should be abolished.

GEN. IGNATIEFF has been appointed a member of the Council of the Russian Empire.

THE Town Hall and Winthrop Church, Holqrook, Mass., were burned Monday evening.

THE war feeling in Turkey is intensified by he humiliating rejection of the Sultan's note.

A STATE Convention of the National Labor Party will be held about the middle of January.

BENICIA is blessed with a paper called the *New Era*.. The first number appeared last week.

CONKLING and Evarts may compromise on the basis of the removal of Schurz from the Cabinet.

THE Commissioner of Agriculture has asked Congress for an appropriation in the interest of forestry.

THE insurgents in Crete have convoked a National Assembly to establish a provincial Government.

THE *North American Review*, so long published in Boston, will hereafter be published in New York.

THREE companies of United States troops have arrived at Brownsville, Texas, for service on the Rio Grande.

THE President will again send to the Senate the names of Roosevelt and Prince for New York appointments.

THE Vallejo Savings and Commercial Bank, which suspended over a year ago, will resume business January 1st.

AN unknown negro was hung near Nicholasville, Ky., by a mob. His crime was attempting to murder John Dentor.

MRS. BOWMAN, wife of John B. Bowman, Mayor of East St. Louis, accidentally shot herself and died almost instantly.

A SECRET Chinese court in Sacramento tried a Chinaman for debt and then hung him. The police are investigating the matter.

M. DEMARCERE, a French Minister of the Interior, has ordered Prefects to reinstate all municipal councils dismissed since the 16th of May.

WILLIAM TIFFINGER, a tramp from Sacramento, en route to Millwaukee, had both legs cut off on the East-bound Union Pacific freight train.

A ROMAN correspondent says that the establishment of a Scottish Hierarchy will not be announced in the Consistory either of December 28 or January 30.

REV. JONATHAN Crane, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Middletown, N. Y., was stricken down with apoplexy in his pulpit Sunday morning and died.

GENERAL BRESSOLIES, a French General, has been been placed on the retired list, presumably because he refused to take part in a contemplated *coup d etat* by MacMahon.

A MAN who gave his name as James Sweeney, of Sacramento, California, threw a stone through the window of a New York broker's office, grabbed $200 and ran, but was captured.

SOME South Carolina Democrats say frankly that if Senator Patterson desires to have the prosecution against him stopped, and his alleged offenses condone, he must resign his seat in the Senate.

THE United States troops helped the Texan Rangers capture the Mexican mob. The Rangers then lynched two of the mob. The Government has notified the the Texan authorities that if they want the aid of troops they must conform to the laws.

Bonaparte in Italy—1796.

At last Bonaparte appeared. He was in the uniform of a general in command, and wore his boots, but without sword, hat or scarf. His demeanor was grave and cold. He listened in silence to the preamble of the Piedmontese General, and his only answer was to ask if he had not a copy of the terms he had named, and if they had not been accepted by the King; and upon some complaint of the harshness of the terms, he added: "Since offering them, I have taken Cherasco; I have taken Fassano; I have taken Alba. I do not advance upon my former demands. You ought to think me moderate." On some anxiety being shown lest His Majesty might be forced into some measure contrary to the delicacy and loyalty of his principles toward his present allies, Bonaparte exclaimed in a solemn tone: "God forbid that I should exact from you anything contrary to the laws of honor!" To the endeavors that were made to prove to him the slight advantage that he would obtain from certain of the concessions required, and especially from the crossing of the Po at Valencia, he replied with some sharpness: "When my Republic confided the command of an army to me, she thought I had sufficient discernment to determine matters conducing to her interest, without having to take counsel with the enemy." Except for this slight sarcasm, in which his tone was raised, and seemed bitter and harsh, Bonaparte was always cold, polished and laconic during that portion of the audience that preceded the preparation of the articles. At 1 in the morning he drew out his watch, and seeing that the discussions were being protracted without coming to any decisive results, he said to the Commissioners: "Gentlemen, I give you notice that the general attack is ordered for 2 o'clock, and if I am not assured that Coni will be placed in my hands before the end of the day, this attack will not be delayed for a moment." He added: "It may happen to me to lose battles, but no one will ever see me lose minutes, either by confidence or idleness." —*Recollections of Marquis de Beauregard.*

A WARNING to practical teachers. Rector—"Only five cents for morning collection! How is that?" Warden—"Well, you said in your sermon that giving money to the church that was got through business frauds did not palliate the sin; so I suppose the congregation considered you were personal, and they got offended and didn't give anything."

Financial and Commercial.

NEW YORK, December 29, 1877.—Gold opened at 102⅞; at 11 A. M., 102¾; at 3 P. M., 102⅞; United States Bonds—1867, 108½; 1881, 106¾; Sterling Exchange, $4 83@84 86⅓; California Wool, steady: Spring fleece, 20@25c.; burry, 13@18c.; pulled, 30@35c.; Fall clip, 17@20c.; burry, 16@20c; Whale Oil, quiet at 53@55c.; Winter-bleached, 69@72c.; Sperm Oil, dull, $1 03@$1 05; Winter-bleached, $1 23@1 28; Hides, quiet, but firm at 21@21½c.; Cotton, quiet and steady; N.Y. Wheat, strong; $1.45 @$1 58; Flour, steady.

LIVERPOOL, December 29, 1877.—Average California Wheat, 12s 7d@12s 11d; Club, 12s 10d@13s 2d.

LONDON, December 29.—Consols, 94 9-16@94 11-16; U. S. Bonds: 5's, 106; 4½'s, 104.

Currency is quoted at 97½ buying and 97¾ selling.

Half Dollars are quoted 5 per cent discount buying and 4¾@4¼ per cent discount selling.

Trade Dollars are quoted at 95½ buying and 95¼@95⅝ selling.

Mexican Dollars, 93⅛ buying and 94 selling.

Fine Silver was quoted in New York to-day at $1 17¾, gold, per ounce, and in London at 53¼d.

BOSTON MARKET.

Flour is in fair demand, and steady. Wheat is active and a shade higher. Barley is quiet and unchanged. Pork is weaker. Rio coffee is dull, and fully ⅛c. lower than late extreme quotations. Refined sugars are dull, and easier. Teas are quiet, but firm. Hides are more active and firm. Sales of 1,400 California at 21½c. gold, 60 days; 150 kips, private. Petroleum is unchanged. Spirits turpentine steady at 40c. Wool is quiet; California is in fair demand for Fall, but Spring grades are quiet. At the late fire in Barclay street, 500 bales of Fall California were consumed, also 100 bags scoured.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, December 29.—The markets on 'Change have felt the depressing influence of the weather and mud, and transactions have been somewhat limited in certain commodities. Wheat opened rather weak, but strenghtened gradually toward the close, when nearly outside prices prevailed. The course of the Wheat market is proving a genuine surprise to a majority of dealers who looked for lower prices during the early winter months. Oats were dull throughout, but with a stronger close. Sales of February at 24⅜@25½c. Provisions were irregular, but ruled weak and lower, with an occasional strong turn. Sales of February Pork at $11 70@11 73½, with lowest prices at the close. February Lard, $7 70@7 87½, closing weak. Closing cash prices were: Wheat, $1 09; Corn, 44¾c.; Oats, 25c; Rye, 56c.; Barley, 58¾c.: Pork, $11 70@$11 75; Lard, $7 70.

BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

BOSTON, December 29.—Wool transactions of the week do not indicate a very active market, but there is a confident feeling that prices are as low as they are likely to be for some time to come. Inquiry runs principally for X and medium fleeces; and while fine Wools are comparatively quiet, holders are not disposed to urge sales. Stocks have recently become considerably reduced, and a more active and better movement is expected after the 1st of January. Sales comprise Ohio and Pennsylvania fleece, No. 1, XX and above, at 44¼@45c.; Michigan, 38¾@42c.; No. 1 and X Wisconsin, 39@41c.; New York, Maine and other fleeces, 33½@46c.; delaine and combing 50@55c.; unwashed combing at 27½@36½c.; super and X pulled, 30@ 47c. In California Wool a fair business is doing. Sales include 450,000 pounds at 19@34c, for Spring, and 19@22c. for Fall. Desirable lots of both Spring and Fall are in fair request. Total sales of domestic for the week were 1,065,900 pounds.

PRODUCE MARKET.

[The following quotations of Flour and Grain are for gold, unless otherwise specified.]

FLOUR—We quote Superfine at $5 00@5 50; shipping Extras, in cargo lots, $4 50@7 00 and $7 12½@7 50 in jobbing lots, the last for silver.

WHEAT—The market was very quiet this morning, buyers and sellers being a long way apart in their ideas of the price of good Wheat. Sales 2,133 ctls good, slightly weevily, to a miller, $2 25; 1,000 do good shipping, alongside, $2 30; 1,400 do choice shipping, yesterday, alongside, $2 25@ 2 52½. We quote shipping $2 32½; milling, $2 30 @2 35 ₱ ctl.

BARLEY—Quiet and steady. We quote Feed at $1 62½@1 70; brewing, $1 70@1 75 ₱ ctl.

OATS—We quote feed at $1 70@1 95; milling, $2 00@2 15 ₱ ctl.

CORN—We quote large Yellow at $1 60@1 65; large White, $1 67½@1 75; and small Round, $1 75 @1 80 per ctl. The receipts during the week have been large, and prices have shrunk.

RYE—We quote @ 37½@2 00 ₱ ctl.

BUCKWHEAT—We quote at $1 50@1 55 ₱ ctl.

POTATOES—The market is glutted with common grades, which continue to arrive in large quantities. Choice varieties are in fair demand. We quote Early Rose, $1 80@1 90; Peachblows, $1 70@ sales, $1 20@1 40; Humbolts, $1 37½@$1 45; and River Reds, $1 00@1 12½. Good Sweets sold at $1 50@1 75, and poor lots cleaned up as low as $1 ₱ ctl.

ONIONS—The arrivals during the last few days have been so large that the market is overstocked. Nearly 1,000 sks lie on the wharf unsold, and almost unsalable as dealers are already supplied. We quote 35@60 ₱ ctl.

HAY—We quote for the different varieties: Wheat, $18@23; tame and wild oat, $16@18; barley, $16@18; Alfalfa, $16@17; stock, $14@16 ₱ ton. The market to-day was very dat.

STRAW—Quotable at 75@80c ₱ bale, and quite scarce.

GROUND BARLEY—Is now selling from the mills at $38@40 ₱ ton—the outside figure for silver.

CORNMEAL—Is in fair demand from the mills at 2¼@3c; feed, $38@40 ₱ ton—the outside figure for silver.

OIL CAKE MEAL—The mill price is now fixed at $44 ₱ ton, less the usual discount.

BRAN—The price of Bran from the mills is $27 50@28 50 ₱ ton.

MIDDLINGS—The mill price now stands at $40 ₱ ton, and very scarce.

SEEDS—We quote, silver: Flax, ₱ lb 3@3½c; Mustard, white, 5c; Mustard, brown, 2@2½c; Canary, 7@8c; Alfalfa, 10@12½c; Timothy, 8@10c.

BEANS—Sale of 50 sks, Bayos at $4 gold. We quote, silver: Pea, ₱ ctl., $3 20@3 45; Small White, $3 15@3 25; Butter, $3 00@3 07; Bayo, $4 00 @4 25; Pink, $3 85@4 12½; Red, $3 75@4 00; Lima, $4 25@4 50.

PEAS—We quote $1 62½@1 75 ₱ ctl.

EGGS—The receipts to-day were large, and prices weakened. We quote California, 45@47½c; Eastern, 35@40c; do Lime, 25c; Salt Lake, 45c ₱ doz.

BUTTER AND CHEESE—The stock of Fresh Roll Butter is moving off so that there is no accumulation. Pickled Roll is very quiet. Cheese is weaker without change in price. We quote half silver rates as follows: Fresh Roll ₱ lb., 38@35c; do, 2d quality, 20@25c; Pickled Roll, ₱ lb, 20@25c; Firkin, new, 20@25c; do Eastern, 14@20c; Eastern Creamery, 25@27½; California Cheese, 18@20c; Eastern, 14@20c.

PROVISIONS—Following are current rates: Eastern Hams, 16@17c; California do, 12@13½c; California Bacon, 12½@14c; Smoked Beef, 10@ 11c; Lard, tierces, 12¾@14c; do tins, 10 lbs, 11@ 12¾c: do do, 5 lbs, 11½@12¾c.

POULTRY—The supply of dressed Turkeys for the holidays was very large to-day, one dealer receiving upward of 160 cases, aggregating in the neighborhood of 50,000 lbs during the last two days. The demand has been quite good, but not exhaustive. The market is almost entirely confined to Turkeys, other Poultry being neglected, and quite weak. We quote: Hens, ₱ doz, $6 00@7 00; Young Roosters, $6 00@7 00; Old Roosters, $4 50 @5 00; Broilers, $5 00@6 00; Ducks, ₱ doz, $7 50 @8 50; Turkeys, ₱ lb, 16@20c; do, dressed, ₱ lb, 18@23c; Geese, ₱ pair, $2 00@2 25.

GAME—Venison, ₱ lb, 8@8c; Rabbit, $1 ₱ doz; Hare, $1 50@2 00; Quail, $1 25; Mallards, $2 50 @3; Sprigs, $1 25@1 75; Widgeon, $1 00; Teal, 75c@ $1 00; Gray Geese, $2 00@2 50; English Snipe, $1 25 @1 50; common do, 50c ₱ doz.

BEESWAX—Choice brings 30@31c ₱ lb.

HONEY—We quote choice White, in frames, at 18@22½c; No. 2, 12½@15c; Dark, 10@12½c; Strained, 12½@15c ₱ lb.

NUTS—California Walnuts, are selling at 9@10c; Chile Walnuts, 7@8c; Peanuts, 3@5c; California Almonds, 12@16c, do hard shell, 6@7c ₱ lb; Chestnuts, 15@17c ₱ lb; new Hickory Nuts, 10c, and Pine Nuts, 15@16c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—We quote: Oranges, ₱ M, $15 00@25 00, Limes, $7 50@12 50; Los Angeles do, $2 00@3 00; Sicily Lemons, ₱ box, $10 00; California do, 100; $2 50@3 00; Cocoanuts, ₱ 100, $7 00@8 00; Bananas, ₱ bunch, $2 50@5 00; Pineapples, ₱ doz, $8 00@10 00; Pears ₱ box, 75c@$1; Winter Nellis, ₱ box, $1 50@1 75; Cranberries, ₱ lb 12½@13c; Apples, common, ₱ box, 75c@$1 00; choice do, $1 00 @1 50; Grapes, ₱ box, 50c@$1 00; do Muscat, ₱ box, $1 25@1 50; Black Morocco, ₱ box, $1 25@1 50; Cornichon, ₱ box, $3 00.

DRIED FRUIT—We quote: Apples, ₱ lb, 4@6c; Pears, 4@8c; Peaches, 7¾@8½c; Plums, 3@4c; do, pitted, 12¾@15c; Figs, white, 6@8c; do black, 4 @5c; Prunes, 11½@16c; Raisins, box, $1@2; do halves, $1 25@2 25; do, qrs, 1 50@2 50; do Blowers, $2 75; Dried Grapes, ₱ lb, 3@5c; Dates, ₱ lb, 9@ 10c.

VEGETABLES—We quote: Cabbage, ₱ ctl, 87½c @$1 12½; Cauliflower, doz, 75c@$1 00; Green Peas, 10@12½c; String Beans, 10@12½c; Carrots, 50c ₱ ctl; Marrowfat Squash, ton, $10 00; Garlic, ₱ lb 1@2c; Tomatoes, ₱ box, 75c@$1 25; Dry Okra, 12@ 15c ₱ lb.

HIDES—Dry are quiet at 17½c; dry Kip and Calf, 12@13c; salted Hides 3c for light, and 2c for heavy steers; salted Kip, 8c; salted Calf, 7@10c ₱ lb; Long Wool Pelts, 70c@$1 00; medium do, 50@70c; short, 20@30c; Shearlings, 5@ 15c; Deer Skins—Summer, 22@25c; Fall and Winter do, 15@20c ₱ lb. Mexican Dry Hides are 3c ₱ lb cheaper than California.

TALLOW—Quotable at 5½@6c for ordinary, and 6¾@6¾ in shipping order.

SOME COMFORT.—There were two nice old ladies in good and regular standing in the orthodox church. They prided themselves on the doctrines of the fathers, and they were talking of the current topic of the Indian Orchard Council. Coming down to the main topic, one says: "About this eternal punishment—how long do you 'spose it really lasts?" "Well," said the other, "a plaguey long while—at least 1,000 years, I 'spose." "A thousand years," reflectively responded the second. "Well, that's a good deal better than nothing!"—*Springfield Republican.*

Hostetter's Almanac.

The edition for 1878 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States and British America, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. It combines with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, etc., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1878, in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian, and Spanish languages, will in all probability be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two-cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

Depression.

Who are the gainers and who are the losers? The continual shrinkage in values has been going on in this country for two years at least, and somebody must be hurt by the enormous decline in goods within that time, and have none been benefited by having nearly all commodities at such greatly reduced rates? The actual necessaries of life have not of course suffered in comparison with what might be termed luxuries or dispensible comforts. Diamonds were never as low as at present and dry goods are actually less than they were before the war. While unaccountably labor is much higher, and still with the admitted advance in the price of labor, workmen find it more difficult to get along now than they did then. We are informed that the California Furniture Manufacturing Company have reduced their prices almost one-half on certain kinds of goods, and we are glad to know that a great many are taking advantage of the favorable opportunity to supply themselves. So the old adage holds good that there are no large losses without some small gains. The above company occupy two of the largest stores in the city of San Francisco, viz: 224 and 226 Bush street, four stories, and 649 and 651 Market street, six stories, where may be found everything in the line of furniture.

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A Sense of Weariness

Is often felt by persons who cannot locate any particular disease. If they work it becomes labor; if they walk they soon tire; mental efforts become a burden, and even joys are dimmed by the shadow of this weakness which is cast over their lives. Recourse is had sometimes to stimulants of a dangerous character. The advice of physicians to refrain from active labor produces no happy results. Why? The system is debilitated and needs to be built up properly. PERUVIAN SYRUP will do this very thing. Like the electric current, it permeates the entire system, and harmonizing with the corporeal functions, it raises up the enfeebled, and brings the color to the cheek again, and hope to the despondent. It does its work promptly and well. Sold by all druggists.

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In this progressive age almost all old style articles have been superceded by later inventions and improvements, but in some instances the oldest have ever proven the best, and such is the case with the old, reliable MARSH Truss, which has for the last quarter of a century been in almost universal use, curing thousands of serious ruptures. See advertisement.

38—38.—38.—38.

This is a cough mixture that cures Coughs, Colds, Throat and Lung diseases. Give it a trial and be no longer troubled. It is a sure cure for all Throat and Lung troubles. Prepared by Rhodes & Lewis, San Jose, Cal., and sold by all Druggists and dealers. Ask your Druggist for "38 Cough Mixture" and take no other.

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"Durang's Rheumatic Remedy," the great *Internal Medicine*, will positively cure any case of rheumatism on the face of the earth. Price $1 a bottle, six bottles, $5. Sold by all Druggists. Send for circular to Helphenstine & Bentley, Druggists, Washington, D. C. Sold wholesale by H. C. KIRK & Co., Sacramento, Cal.

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OR the successful treatment of excessive fatness, without injury to the health, by the use of DR. ORR'S ELIXIR OF "GULF WEED," which can be obtained of all respectable Druggists and at the WHOLESALE DEPOT, N. E. COR. POST AND MASON STS., San Francisco. Price, $2.00 per bottle.

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Yours Respectfully,

FRANK MERRILL,

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Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, of New York, says he is in the habit of applying Dr. Marsh's Patent Truss to the exclusion of all others, and in an experience of 18 years found in a majority of cases a radical cure of Rupture was effected in a very few months. His letter given below is sufficient authority to convince the Ruptured of the superior qualities of DR. MARSH'S CURATIVE TRUSSES, they having a reputation of nearly 50 years and attained such a degree of perfection that the principal Physicians of this city recommend them in preference to other makes. Read the following:

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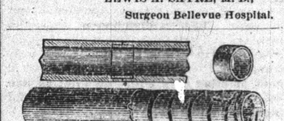
I have been in the habit of applying and recommending the Truss manufactured by Dr. S. N. Marsh for the last eighteen years, to the exclusion of all others, and have found it to give general satisfaction, effecting a radical cure, in the majority of cases in a very few months. As a Truss for the radical cure of Hernia, I think it far preferable to any I have ever examined.

LEWIS A. SAYRE, M. D.,

Surgeon Bellevue Hospital.



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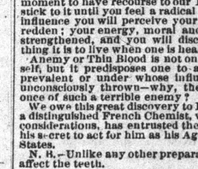

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IT WILL GIVE COLOR TO YOUR CHEEKS.

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IT WILL GIVE YOU STRENGTH.

IF YOU FEEL DULL AND GLOOMY

IT WILL MAKE YOU CHEERFUL.

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IT WILL GIVE YOU ACTIVITY.

IN A WORD,

If Your Blood is Thin

IT WILL MAKE IT RICH.

A LARGE NUMBER OF

TRODDEN FLOWERS.

There are some hearts that like the loving vine,
Cling to unkindly rocks and ruined towers.
Spirits that suffer and do not repine—
Patient and sweet as lowly trodden flowers,
That from the passers' heel arise,
And bring back odorous breath instead of sighs.

But there are other hearts that will not feel
The lonely love that haunts their eyes and ears;
That wound fond faith with anger worse than steel,
And out of pity's spring draw idle tears.
Oh Nature, shall it ever be thy will
Ill things with good to mingle, good with ill?

Why should the heavy foot of sorrow press
The willing heart of uncomplaining love—
Meek charity that shrinks not from distress,
Gentleness, loth her tyrants to reprove?
Though virture weep forever and lament,
Will one hard heart turn to her and repent?

Why should the seed be broken that will bend,
And they that dry the tears in others' eyes
Feel their own anguish swelling without end,
Their summer darkened with the smoke of sighs?
Sure, Love to some fair region of her own,
Will flee at last and leave us here alone.

Love weepeth alway—weepeth for the past,
For woes that are, for woes that may betide;
Why should not hard ambition weep at last,
Envy and hatred, svarice and pride?
Fate whispers that so low is your poor lot,
They would be rebels; love rebelleth not.

THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

On a distant prairie, at nightfall, a way-worn and weary traveler was overtaken by a snow-storm. When the first few flakes came softly dropping down, he looked eagerly around in the hope of discerning a shelter; but none was to be seen—only the trackless waste of rolling lands and far-off hills in the direction whither he was going—so far off that he feared he should never reach them. With the departure of light the snow began falling faster, the winds blew keener, the road over the prairie was soon hidden from view, and the traveler felt that he was lost on a trackless waste, without a star to guide him across the dangerous country.

"This is terrible," he said aloud. "I fear much I shall never come to my destination. If I had but a compass and a light, I should not fear, for I could resist the effects of the cold long enough to reach the hills, and there I should find human habitations, or a least the shelter of a rock. Now I may go in a circle till I freeze, and be no nearer help. What a fool I was to leave the river side and cross the prairie, just for the sake of a few miles more or less journey. No matter, I must even battle it out now."

And battle it out he did most manfully. He drew his cap down over his ears and brow, and his fur collar up over his mouth, and thrusting his hands deeper into his pockets, pressed on through the yielding snow. The gloom increased, the wind came sharper, and, through his heavy clothes, the traveler began to feel the effects of the cold. His feet grew numb, his arms chilled, and, after an hour's rapid walking, he suddenly paused.

"How do I know whither I am going?" he exclaimed. "Perhaps I have already turned aside from the straight line, and am wandering on the verge of destruction. Oh, that I could shake off this drowsy feeling that is stealing over me! I know what it is—a precursor of a rest in the cold winding sheet of snow. Great Heaven, I am freezing to death!" shrieked he, bounding forward with renewed energy. "Action—action—action is life, and life is too sweet to lose yet!"

He hurried along with a springing motion, stamping his feet vigorously at every step, and swinging his arms to keep the blood in circulation. Yet, with all his efforts, he knew that the angel of death was folding his white wings silently but surely around him.

"Despair — no!" he cried, "not while the memory of my loved wife and dear children is left to me. I will struggle on for your sakes, and fight the storm-fiend to the last extremity. Oh, just Heaven, for the sake of the innocent ones whose only stay is my right arm, help me to resist—help me to triumph!"

At this moment he plunged into a hollow, his feet trod over ice, and he heard the voice of a streamlet singing of life and action beneath its icy crust. At the same time the smell of wood-smoke saluted his nostrils.

"Oh, Thou who reignest above," he ejaculated, "I thank Thee that Thou hast heard my prayer. Help is near me."

He reeled heavily onward through the blinding snow, and saw just before him a low shed; one more struggle, and he fell against it. In an instant he divined its character. With a last desperate effort he found the door, threw it open, and rushing in, flung himself full length upon the floor, knowing only that he was in an atmosphere reeking with the fumes of bacon, and warm with the smoke which rose from a pan of smothered coals in the centre of the place. It was a settler's rude smoke-house, left to care for itself during the long winter's night, and the traveler's grateful heart sent up a tribute to heaven for this place of refuge in the desert of snow.

In a large log cabin in the valley of the streamlet, Milly Dean sat alone. Her husband had gone to a distant town, and the young wife was left with her baby. Accustomed to the solitude, she felt safe, and sat in contentment before the blazing fire; the flames leaped right joyfully up the chimney, and the green logs sizzled and crackled in the heat like things of life. Out doors the wind was howling drearily, and the snow falling heavily, but Milly cared not, for it only made the fire more cheerful. Then came a rapping at the door.

"How strange! Who can that be at our door this wild night?" she said to herself, as she rose and went into the little entry.

The rapping was repeated.

"Who is there?" she asked.

"For Heaven's sake let me in; I am freezing to death!" was the reply.

"Who are you? and how came you in this lonely place on such an evening as this?"

"I am a traveler from below; I lost my way, and am dying with cold. For pity's sake let me in, or I shall perish!"

Milly hesitated. She was alone, and it was three miles to the nearest neighbor's. What should she do? She paused in perplexity.

"Oh, save me—save me! I am dying!" were the words that met her hearing. There was a heavy fall against the sill, and then low moans. Her woman nature could stand no more; true to the instinct of her being, she unbarred the door and threw it open. A closely-muffled figure reeled by her into the room, and, shutting the door, she followed. On reaching the fire-place the stranger stood erect and strong, without a sign of inconvenience from the effects of the weather. Milly retreated from him in amazement; but recovering herself, and putting the best face on the matter, she tremulously addressed the man:

"I am sorry, sir, you are so cold. It is a bitter night to be abroad. Will you not sit by the fire?" And she pushed a chair forward.

The man made no response, but, stooping over, ran his fingers through the blaze; then he turned and stared at her with a look that made her blood run cold. A bright thought came into her mind. She would pretend there were others in the house, for she already felt afraid of the man, and bitterly regretted having admitted him.

"Would you like to see some of the men folks?" she inquired. "If so, I will call them from their rest."

The man laughed hoarsely, and replied—

"Milly Dean, for that I believe is your name, you cannot deceive me. You are all alone in this house. I took particular care to ascertain that before I came. So you may as well make yourself easy on that score, and do as I bid you."

"Do as you bid me!" exclaimed Milly, in terror. "What do you want of me?"

"I want that $1,200 in gold your husband received for his produce two days ago. You probably know where it is."

Milly sprung into the entry and would have fled, but the stranger caught her by the wrist and dragged her roughly back.

"You cannot escape me, young woman," he said. "You will find it most convenient to make a clean breast of it at once. It will be better for you."

Milly strove to release her arm. The rough treatment she received aroused her temper, and indignation overcame all other feelings.

"Let me go, you scoundrel, let me go, or I will call for help," she cried.

"Call, you fool," said the brutal fellow, "and much good may it do you. Keep yourself still and tell me where the money is."

"I will not!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing fire.

"You will not?" he replied; "we shall see!"

He released her wrist so violently, that she reeled half across the room. Then he seized the sleeping infant from its cradle, and held it at arms length almost into the blazing fire, so that the terrified mother expected to see its light garments catch the flames.

"Now, then, where is the money? Speak out quick, or hear your baby shriek with pain. I will burn it to death before your eyes if you do not tell me where the money is."

"Monster, give me my child!" she shrieked, endeavoring to reach the little one. "Let me have my baby!"

But every effort was frustrated, for again and again the strong hand of the robber thrust her back.

"See, its clothes will be on fire in a minute," said the man, putting the helpless infant closer to the flames. The mother looked into his eyes. She saw there a look of heartless determination. She became aware that the cotton garments of her child were smoking with the heat.

"How shall it be?" asked the ruffian.

"Hurry, or the child dies. I have no time to waste here."

"Anything, anything, only give me my child!" she cried. The next instant it was handed to her, and she sank upon the floor and folded it to her bosom.

"Come," exclaimed the man, touching her rudely with his foot, "you have not told me where this money is."

"In the box on the upper shelf," she replied, pointing to the closet.

The man found the box, placed it on the table, and opened it, saying:

"So far, well. It is nearly all gold. I will pocket it with your leave, or without it, just as you please." He filled his pockets with the golden coin, and threw the box in the fire. Then he came and stood beside her.

"Put your baby in the cradle," he said, "if you want to save its life. I have other business for you."

"What do you mean?" cried Milly, eyeing the man with suspicion.

"Let me have him," he said, trying to take it.

"No, no, I will put the baby in the cradle myself. You shall not touch the poor little thing. Now, sir," she continued, almost choking with excitement, "what is it?" After having laid the pretty infant on its downy place of rest, she stood erect and waited the reply.

"I am going to kill you!" said the man.

"Kill me!" she exclaimed, her face growing pale with terror. "Kill me! What have I ever done to you that you should kill me?"

"Nothing, nothing, my dear, only you'll know me again." And he advanced upon her.

"Oh, sir, let me live. Have you not done enough to take my husband's money, without depriving him of his wife, too? I will never say one word against you if you will spare me, only spare me."

As she spoke she clasped her hands, and looked imploringly at him.

"I am sorry that I cannot safely grant your request," he responded. "There is no help for it, so come along out doors." He reached out his hand to grasp Milly. But the instinct of self-preservation was strong upon her. She evaded him, flew to the chimney piece, snatched her husband's loaded rifle from the hook on which it hung, cocked and presented it at the breast of the robber. Her motions were so rapid that before he could prevent it her finger had pressed the trigger and there was an explosion. But with equal readiness the man had stooped to the floor, the ball had passed over his head, and the next instant his grip was on her throat.

"I will teach you to handle arms," he said. "You would have killed me, would you? I will show you a trick worth two of that!"

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the terrified woman.

"There is no mercy for you," he ejaculated. He dragged her into the entry, and flung open the door. "Out with you into the snow!"

"Hold! what is this?" exclaimed a deep-toned voice. "Unhand that woman you scoundrel!"

A powerful man stood in the doorway. He delt the robber a blow between the eyes which struck him back into the entry. His grasp of Milly was relinquished, and she fell to the floor.

"Oh, sir," she cried to the new-comer, save me. This man has robbed us, and would murder me that I should not tell of it."

"Fear not, madam, he shall not harm you," responded the stranger. "Fellow, surrender yourself!"

"Get out of the way," cried the robber, making a rush for the door, and striking at the stranger with a bowie-knife. But the stranger was prepared for him. Giving back a few steps, he artfully seized the robber by the collar, whirled him around, and threw him on his face in the snow. The robber struggled, but the stranger knelt heavily on the small of his back and grasped his hair.

"Lie still," said the stranger, "or I will send a bullet through your brain."

The robber felt a cold barrel of a pistol at his ear and obeyed. Milly quickly brought ropes at her rescuer's request, and the robber was bound hand and foot.

"It was a strange providence," the new-comer said, "that overtook me with a snow storm on the prairie, and forced me some hours ago to take refuge in your smoke house, nearly dead with cold."

Milly acknowledged the truth of the remark, and she knelt and thanked her Father in heaven for her deliverance.

The next day Milly's husband came home, and when he was told all he remarked:

"This fellow was in the tavern at the village the day I sold my produce. It will teach me a lesson, never to let strangers know when money is plenty with me lest they be tempted to crime and bring ruin on me and mine."

That day some sixty or seventy persons gathered at the house of Mr. Dean. The robber was recognized as a notorious horse thief who had long infested the neighborhood. There was a summary trial, and then, in dogged silence, the wretch who would have burned a harmless infant and murdered a faithful and gentle woman submitted to his inevitable fate.

A rudely constructed gallows and a stout rope ended his existence. So on the thinly settled frontier of the West, they mete out justice to offenders against life and property.

There were about $1,700 in bills found on the person of the robber, beside the gold he had taken from Mrs. Dean, and as there were no claimants for the bills, at the suggestion of the stranger, whose life had been saved from the anger of the winter storm by the shelter he had found in the smoke house, $1,000 of the $1,700 were presented to Milly in consideration of what she had passed through and the remainder was divided around.

On that very spot there is a thriving town and one of the finest residences in the place is that where dwell Milly Dean and her husband.

WIT AND HUMOR.

It is easy enough to rectify whisky, but it is difficult to rectify the errors which whisky causes.

"The laborer is worthy of his higher," as the fellow remarked when he married a girl a foot and a half taller than himself.

They have dime savings banks in Chicago—banks that save for depositors a dime out of every dollar.—[Worcester Press.

A young lawyer who had never had a plea asked a young lady to marry him. He said: "Take me—just as I am; without one plea."

The latest remedy for hog cholera East, is lye and soft soap. Our butchers use up all their lie and soft soap on their customers.

What is the difference between a Jew and a lawyer? The one gets his law from the prophets, and the other his profits from the law.

An English exchange says there will be enough chalk taken out of the Channel tunnel to make England independent of cow's milk for centuries.

Chief Joseph asks, "When will these white chiefs tell the truth?" And echo answers when there is nothing to be gained by cheating the Indians.

He was from the country, and he came to town for the first time. As he looked at the telegraph wires, he said, "Why do you make your wire fence so high?"

They say the Indian name for an editor is "We-rack-ta-che-resh-he-ka-haw." That's what we always thought it was. It means "tired and hungry," probably.

Now that the chemiloon has become an institution we hope that some one will invent an article that may be used at once for a necktie and a shoestring.

Baron Anderson, on being asked to give his opinion as to the proper length of a sermon, replied, "Twenty minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy."

A Michigan widow recently hid her cow away under the bed to save it from the tax-collector. This may be called a genuine case of "cowhiding by a female."

General Stark, who won the battle of Bennington, was a good fighter and a red-hot patriot, but when he borrowed any money it was like capturing a battery to get it back.

A Ridgewood man speaking of Samson's miracles, said that miracles are of every day occurrence, because undertakers make a living out of a dead body.

In the search for stolen goods at Pittsburg, the police recovered sixty hams from a single house. That man worked harder on the strike than he ever did on a job.

"My dear," asked Mrs. J. of her husband, on coming home from church the other day, "what was the sweetest thing you saw in bonnets?" "The ladies' faces," was the bland reply.

Nine men out of ten, when you run against them in the dark, will say Hello! The other one will utter the first syllable and leave you to complete the other world.

"Captain," said a son of Erin as a ship was nearing the coast in inclement weather, "have ye an almenik on board?" "No, I haven't." "Then, be jabers, we shall have to take the weather as it comes."

The paramount question in the great minds of the day is, whether the ladies will attempt to skate this winter in the small pillow cases that encompass them; and, if so, what will be the result of a fall?

The fact that the tin suspender button in a church contribution box on foreign missions can, on a square issue, outvote the nickels two to one, is not to be taken as an indication of a return to specie payments.

Facetious Tourist: "I say, Paddy! aren't you ashamed to drive a poor little donkey like that, with only three legs to stand on?" Driver: Is it ashamed? What'nd I be ashamed for? Can't I see a poor little donkey wid only two?"—[London Fun.

"Cousin Fred, you're not at all nice, now you are married. Why, you haven't paid me a compliment for ages. Have you forgotten how to compliment?" "My dear Clara, I've been married two years, and of course I'm awfully out of practice."—[Harper's Bazar.

SONG FROM A DRAMA.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

I know not if moonlight or starlight
Be soft on the land and the sea—
I catch but the near light, the far light,
Of eyes that are burning for me;
The scent of the night, of the roses,
May burden the air for thee, Sweet—
'Tis only the breath of thy sighing
I know, as I lie at thy feet.

The winds may be sobbing or singing,
Their touch may be fervent or cold,
The night-bells may toll or be ringing—
I care not, while thee I enfold!
The feast may go on, and the music
Be scattered in ecstacy round—
Thy whisper "I love thee! I love thee!"
Hath flooded my soul with its sound.

I think not of time that is flying,
How short is the hour I have won,
How near is this living to dying,
How the shadow still follows the sun.
There is naught upon earth, no desire,
Worth a thought, tho' 'twere had by a sign!
I love thee! I love thee! bring nigher
Thy spirit, thy kisses, to mine!

ON THE BRINK.

I have known Arthur Gravely well and intimately. A part of his story came to my knowledge through my own observation, and a part he told to me himself.

Arthur came of an old, well-defined and respectable stock, with just enough pride inherited from his progenitors to give him refinement and self-reliance. At an early age he was left an orphan, and received most of his education under the care of an uncle. When he was twenty-one he was admitted to the employ of a Liverpool banker named Vanderlain, and very soon took for his wife Fanny Summerton, one of the fairest and sweetest of earthly treasures. He had loved her long and truly, and her love, in return, had been single and devoted. Thus was life opening for Arthur Gravely with bright and happy promise. He had friends whichever way he turned; his business prospects were of the very best, and his home was an earthly paradise.

One enemy, and one enemy alone, at this time stood in Arthur's path. His wife did not see it then. She loved him so fondly and so trustfully, that she could not see a fault.

A few of Arthur's friends feared danger, and one of them, more bold than the rest, spoke to him warningly, but he turned away from the warning with a sneer of derision.

The months and the years went on—from twenty-one to twenty-eight.

Six years of married life—six years of blessing so far as the other things of life can give blessing. In the bank Arthur had assumed a place very near to the head, and his salary was munificent.

From early youth, Arthur Gravely had found the winecup among the symbols of life's social chase. He had kept wine in his own house, he had used it upon his sideboard and upon his own table, and he had partaken freely abroad. In the earlier years it was wine, and only wine of the best and purest. Later, strong liquors were required to keep up the tone. At the age of eight and twenty there had come an undue flush upon Arthur's cheek, and there were blotches in the eye which ought not to have been there. He now took brandy before breakfast, and through the day he was forced to supply fuel to feed a fire which else might have consumed all bodily comfort. As yet, he had never been hopelessly intoxicated. He was confident in his own strength.

Alas, for the man thus falling! He knows not that his powers of understanding are dying out as the body fades and perishes!

At length Mr. Vanderlain called Arthur into his private room, and told him that he was going to give up business.

"I have money enough," said Mr. Vanderlain, "and I know that my close application to business is wearing upon me. I am growing in years, and need rest. I think of going to settle in the country somewhere."

"And of closing your business?"

"Yes."

"But, sir, there is no need of that. If you will trust your bank under the guidance of some careful and responsible agent, with your name at its head, it might go prosperously on, and you could go and dwell in the country all the same."

A cloud came upon the banker's face, and he shook his head.

"It is too late," he said. "At some other time I may tell you more."

Shortly after this, in process of winding up his business, Mr. Vanderlain sent Arthur to a distant town to make some important settlements. Arrived at his destination, the young man called upon the correspondents of the bank, and having made preliminary arrangements, he found himself with a few days upon his hands which he might employ in pleasure. On the very evening of his arrival he had fallen in with John Hatton and William Roberts, two friends and schoolmates of earlier years. He was startled when he saw them. They were evidently going down hill—were drinking to excess. Yet they were gentlemen and Arthur joined them. He spent a first and second night in their company.

On the second night, for the first time in his life, Arthur Gravely drank to a state of helpless stupefaction. He awoke the next day feeling sad and humiliated. When he met his companions in a private parlor connected with the sleeping apartments, he found them with a bowl of punch between them. A spirit of true friendship came upon him when he saw the marks of the destroyer so deeply fixed upon the companions of his boyhood.

"Boys," said he, "this won't do. You are going down."

They regarded him curiously, and asked him what he meant.

He told them what he meant. They were in a dangerous way.

"You forget, old boy," said Hatton, "that you are in the same boat. If we took passage before you, it is no less sure that our route now is the same. Don't preach, Arthur. Try a drop of punch."

There are moments in a lifetime—great crises—when the events of the past flash before the mind as upon a magic mirror—when a man, in a brief instant recalls every salient point in his earthly career. Such a moment was the present to Arthur Gravely.

"Let it alone," he said, solemnly. "I tell you, Jack, and you, Will, that you are going down. You can't last much longer at the rate you are going."

"Well," retorted Roberts, with an attempt to laugh, "it appears to me that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Hadn't you better try to let it alone yourself?"

"If I will try it, will you try it?" he asked.

"Will you try it?" demanded Hatton.

"I will, if you will join me."

"Done!"

And they did it. They joined hands, and promised one another that they would be true and steadfast.

A new surprise was in store for Arthur Gravely. He found, upon cutting off his spirituous liquors, that his body weakened, and that his hands shook as though with palsy. He applied to a physician for help. Fortunately he applied to a man of sense and understanding.

"Can you give me something to steady my nerves and restore my appetite?" Arthur asked, after he had frankly stated his case.

"This shows you, my dear sir," said the physician, "into what a dangerous state you had fallen. I can give you something to steady your nerves, but it would not help you in the end. If you will be brave and true you will come out all right in a very few days."

Arthur said he would not go back. He wanted no stimulant—no more of that.

The trial was a severe one, and it may have been a blessed thing for Arthur Gravely that it was so. He felt more heroism in the conquest, and he also saw more clearly how deeply the evil habit had become fixed upon him. On the morning of the fourth day of his trial he awoke with an appetite for food and was able to eat a hearty breakfast. He was a new man from this time forth. The physician had given him certain hygienic directions which he followed implicitly, and thus he held fast upon his health as it came back to him.

And on the fourth day Arthur saw Hatton and Roberts. They had kept their faith, and had been unexpectedly prospered. An excellent opening in business had been presented and accepted.

On the fifth day the business which had brought Gravely from home was concluded, and he set out on his return. His nerves had become steady; his appetite had started up as if by magic; his cheek had grown fair, and the white of his eyes was growing clear and pearly again.

He reached Liverpool in the morning, and went first to the bank and gave in a return of his business. Mr Vanderland had glanced quickly and eagerly into his face when he first entered, and a wondrous change came upon the banker's manner as the business proceeded. Something outside the business in hand was evidently on his mind.

Arthur did not reach his home until time for dinner, but he had sent a boy from the bank with word that he should be there.

"Fanny!"

"Darling! Oh, I'm so glad to see you back!"

Something made the wife even happier than she had thought, as she rested in her husband's embrace; but in the sudden joy she could not see it—she could only feel a great warmth, like the glow of heaven, as Arthur's kiss came, sweet and pure, to her lips.

As they entered the dining room, Arthur saw the decanter of wine near his plate.

"Take it away, Fanny," he said smiling. "If you want it hereafter for medicine, keep it—for myself, I shall not want it."

"Not want it, Arthur?"

"I have done with it forever."

He spoke solemnly, with a manliness that was strong and reliant.

And the wife saw whence had come the great warmth to her heart—saw it in the pure cheek and in the clear eye, as she caught it in the sweet breath.

"Arthur—my husband," she whispered, as though hardly daring to trust her own senses; "is it true? Do you mean forever?"

"While I live, darling, God giving me strength and reason."

Fanny was upon the opposite side of the table. She tried to speak, but her voice failed her. She turned white—then she pressed her hand for an instant upon her heart; and then, as the crimson flood once more bounded on its course, she covered her face and sank down weeping like a child.

Arthur was by her side in a moment.

"Fanny—my wife! What is it?"

She looked up, and caught his startled gaze through her tears. With a quick movement she threw her arms around his neck and pillowed her head upon his bosom.

"Oh, Arthur! Bless you—bless you! I could die for joy, if I did not feel that I could find more happiness in living now for you."

Here was a new revelation. Arthur Gravely now learning how his sweet wife had suffered without daring to complain; how the worm had gnawed at her heart—saw it all the more closely, because he saw in this present time her surpassing joy and ecstasy.

Not many words were spoken. This was not the time for such a heart moving theme; and as they ate the meal Arthur told of his trip to the distant town.

After dinner Arthur went out to see a neighbor, and, when left alone, Fanny sat down and cried again for joy. And so Mr. Vanderlain found her. He had come to call.

"Mrs. Gravely! What has happened? What is wrong?"

"Wrong," she repeated, looking up. "Oh, sir, it is for joy I am crying."

And then she told him the source of the new happiness that had opened to her.

Mr. Vanderlain listened, and, after a deal of thought, he slowly said, with his hand upon Fanny's fair head: "Dear child, you may rejoice without fear. If Arthur has pledged his honor to this new life, be sure he will keep faith."

Most of the afternoon Arthur spent at the bank; and as he sat at the table in the private office waiting for the banker, a feeling of sadness and regret came upon him. It would be hard to leave the old place, and it might be a long, long time before he could find another so pleasant.

It was toward evening when Mr. Vanderlain came in, looking flushed and self-satisfied.

"I have kept you waiting, Arthur, but I have been busy. I have made a most important change in my programme."

"Ah! and you are not going away."

"Yes. I shall go and settle in the country; but I shall not give up my banking business. I have found a new man—one safe, reliable and competent—who, I think, will take my business while I am absent."

"Mr. Vanderlain," cried the young man frankly, "I am glad of this, for I know I shall be able to persuade you to let me keep my place in your employ."

The banker shook his head.

Arthur trembled and started to speak.

"Tut! tut—not your present place, Arthur. Know that you are my new man. If you will take charge of my business, I shall not let it go from me; and I shall leave it in your hands, knowing that both it and you will prosper. What say you?"

"Mr. Vanderlain!"

"Ah! my boy, I have seen your wife. I found her crying for joy. And, when she told me whence her joy came, I knew there was joy for me also. To the new man I give my entire confidence, and in his hands I fear not to trust my name and my honor."

It was Arthur Gravely's turn now to weep; and he could no more help it than he could have helped the great flood of peace and blessedness that flowed in upon his heart.

"My dear boy," said the banker, afterwards, "I did not speak to you in the other times as perhaps I ought. I knew how you treated others who did speak, and I forbore. I had intended to speak, however, before I went away, and, if possible, to get you a good place. But it is all done now. God bless and keep you."

And now, looking back, Arthur Gravely sees how near upon the fearful brink he stood. From his position of wealth and honor and love he can see the dark pit from which he escaped, and he sees hundreds upon hundreds sinking into it yearly. He helps the fallen ones when he can, and finds unfailing satisfaction in the work.

A Baby that Weighs only One Pound and Ten Ounces.

James Collins, a hack-driver, lives with his wife and mother-in-law on the top floor of the tenement-house in Thompson street, just below Spring. A very unusual event was reported from Mr. Collin's room yesterday, and making an inquiry concerning it, the reporter asked of Mrs. Collins's mother: "Have you any objections to showing me the baby?"

"Lord, sir, no. Walk right in." As she said this Mrs. Konig, the grandmother of the baby, moved her rocking-chair around a little and began to unroll a large bundle of cotton batting which she held in her lap.

"I hope there is no danger," said the World reporter. "Will it break?"

This was a natural question, but nobody saw fit to answer it; and while the grandmother rocked herself and nimbly unrolled the cotton batting the reporter glanced over the apartment. It was not much to glance over. Three-quarters of it was taken up by a bed in which lay Mrs. Collins, a plump, pretty, blackeyed woman of five-and-twenty, who giggled and said she didn't know how it came to be "such a little one."

"How much does it weigh?" inquired the reporter, as the grandmother continued rapidly unrolling the cotton batting.

"One pound and ten ounces, sir; and she is just thirteen inches long when we pulled her out straight."

The grandmother tirelessly rocked and unrolled. The reporter never suspected that the cotton batting had a baby at the core, and his next question was, "Where is it?"

"It's here," said the grandmother.

"Dear me," said the reporter; I didn't know it was dead."

"It isn't," said the laconic grandmother.

The reporter was ashamed of himself, and asked: "What color is it?"

"Red," said the grandmother. "Look for yourself."

The midget lay unrolled. No wonder it was red. The centripetal force provoked in it by the nimble grandmother must have sent its comprehensive blood whirling to the surface. It looked like the stunted offspring of a liliputian. Its head was about the size of a hen's egg and covered with a thick crop of black hair. As her grandmother had said, the baby was all red. She was attired in a bib, which exposed her legs and arms and neck, all of a size, and about as large as the drumstick of a turkey, after dinner. Still the little Collins had strength enough to put up her arms above her head, though she could not open her eyes. The reporter laid a finger on the child and found the skin of normal temperature. When he had done looking the grandmother rolled her up again and perhaps she is no longer alive. This remarkable child eats a teaspoonful of milk and water and sugar three times a day, and can cry lustily when it is hungry. The doctor thinks he can bring it up. It is a five months and eighteen days' child, and is the first Mrs. Collins has ever had. The mother is an American of German descent, and the father is an Irishman. Mrs. Collins is doing well—as could be expected.—*New York World.*

Old Rivers Utilized.

Running water leaves on the earth's crust marks as permanent as any of the violent convulsions of nature. The discovery has lately been made in Australia that the streams of the Tertiary period, probably many years ago, but now dried up, are vast storehouses of wealth. They are carefully searched out and worked for tin. They acted precisely in the same way as the rivers of our own day, washing away the lighter rock, and leaving a concentration of the heavy ore in the channels. They vary considerably in depth, according to the remoteness of their origin. In one of them a shaft has been sunk to 60 feet, and at that depth the ground is a regular river bed, with, in some places, a collection of loose drift sand, heavily intermixed with tin-ore. It has been opened, at that depth, to the distance, horizontally, of 3,000 feet, and explored by boring from the surface for 600 feet more. The width of the seam has increased from 18 to 400 feet, and it contains an average of three feet of what the miners call "pay dirt," that is to say, soil worth working, for it yields about 1½ per cent. of metal, an excellent produce for tin-ore. Some of these deposits are discovered at only a few feet from the surface, a fact which shows that they are of much later date than the one referred to above, but still of immeasurable antiquity. The state of the earth also shows that these later rivers were not in action for very long periods, as the ore has been far less washed. Twenty-five of these tin mines have already been found, and although the difficulty attending all new enterprises has retarded their development, yet within two years they have produced 2,059 tons of ore, worth about $1,000,000.

Plymouth Rocks for Farmers.—We notice an increasing interest in this breed. Those persons who have bred them for years testify to their excellent qualities as a table fowl, and, in market, their fine appearance, as they are full breasted and have yellow skin, insures a ready sale. These are positive merits, when compared with fowls that have bodies less plump and skin not yellow, and a ready sale is very desirable.

The trouble with Congress—Too "many men of many mines" there.

Law a Hundred Years Ago.

The Albany *Law Journal* finds in Hall's history of Eastern Vermont some account of the laws which were in force a hundred years ago.

"Burglary was punished by branding with a B on the forehead, and nailing one of the offender's ears to a post and cutting it off, and whipping; for the second offence there was the like branding, and nailing, and cutting off of the other ear; for the third offence the punishment was death, the offender being deemed 'incorrigible.' Counterfeiting was punished by cutting off the right ear, branding with C, and perpetual imprisonment. Perjury was punished by a fine of £50 and imprisonment for six months, but if the offender could not pay the fine he was let off by sitting in the pillory two hours, and having both ears nailed and cut off. Willful lying, to public prejudice or private injury, or deceiving or abusing the people with false news or reports, was punished by fine, sitting in the stocks and whipping, the punishment being increased with each repetition of the offence, except that in no case was the number of stripes to exceed the number of thirty-nine. Theft was punished by compelling threefold restitution, by fine and by a sort of temporary slavery, the prosecutor being empowered to dispose of any offender in service to any subject of the state for such time as he should be assigned to the prosecutor by the court. Unreasonable night walking, that is to say after nine o'clock, was prohibited, as was also the convening of persons under the government of parents, guardians or masters after that untimely hour. Tavern hanuters were published by posting their names at the door of every tavern prohibiting the tavern-keeper from supplying them with anything in the way of strong drink. No clamorous discourse, shouting, hallooing, screaming running, riding, dancing, jumping, swimming or blowing of horns was tolerated on the Lord's day. Listening outside of a meeting house during the time of public worship was not permitted. Secular meetings of any number of persons in the street or elsewhere on Saturday or Monday evening were forbidden under penalty of a fine or the stocks.

Mr. Hall gives several notable instances of popular legal errors prevailing in Vermont. One notion was that if the friends of one dying in prison carried his remains beyond the boundaries of the jail yard, they were accomplices of an 'escape,' and liable to satisfy the judgment by virtue of which he had been confined. Another notion was that if one should bury the body of an imprisoned debtor he thereby became administrator in his own wrong, and liable to discharge the debtor's obligations. In the case of Judge Chandler, who died while confined in jail for debt, his interment became a serious problem. In this predicament the jailor discovered that by stretching the chain he could include within the jail liberties a small portion of the adjoining burying-ground. A grave was dug, commencing just outside the graveyard fence and just within the jail-yard, sloping under the fence, until a sufficient depth and obliquity was obtained. So Judge Chandler was buried after a Christian fashion, and yet no 'escape' was suffered."

The Exhaustive Nature of the Present System of Wheat Growing.

Mr. McCulloch, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, says that in the Western and far Western States, the yield per acre is steadily increasing, excepting on the new land when first cultivated. The same can be said of California, for, although there are rich valleys which some people will argue can be successively cropped without rest or manure, yet it is the hight of imbecility to expect it, as there is no soil in the world which can have crops matured and taken off without losing fertility.

There is a great deal of nonsensical misstatements in the writings and sayings of many in the United States, who at the present day attempt to teach the body of agriculturists how to farm. They have one old-time, threadbare complaint of farms being too large; whereas the real fault is that the capital employed is too small, or that the occupier knows nothing about good, self-sustaining farming; for if there is plenty of live stock and the produce of the land is chiefly used in raising or fattening cattle and sheep, it matters not how many acres are under one man's care; as he can, with good men to attend to the different departments, work a mammoth tract of country to better advantage than the small farmer who does all the labor himself in the winter. It is the small farmers who cause the large number of farm laborers to remain unemployed during the winter, for they invariably hire a man in the spring and discharge him in the autumn; or, which is the same thing, he is engaged only for the summer. If all the land in the United States was in small farms, the farmers and their families would be all required on them in the winter, thus throwing all the hired men out of employment. If these men were all thus forced to engage in other than farm labor, or to quit the country, then these little farmers would be unable to cultivate their land properly for want of help. If it would be advantageous to reduce the farms to from 50 to 100 acres, it might be well to do away with all gigantic business, put a stop to railroads, allow of no such stores as A. T. Stewart's, Lord & Taylor's, etc., and in short, permit no man to employ more than $5,000 or $10,000 at the outside.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

Striped Silks.—A Parisian caprice, said to be due to Worth, is of returning to striped silks. Those an inch wide are especially in favor, such as a stripe of black satin alternating with a stripe of black gros grain, or else in contrasting colors for house dresses, as old gold satin striped with garnet, or black velvet, clair de lune with garnet, or pale blue strips with gray, separated by threads of cardinal red. A Worth costume of inch-wide strips of black satin and gros grain has a belted basque with plain satin plastron edged with thread lace, while the postilion black has only a satin piping. The plain silk sleeves are so tight as to need gathers at the elbow, and are slashed across in three places above the wrists to show an inner cuff of the striped silk which extends below the sleeve proper. The skirt has three straight flowing back breadths seen on the newest dresses, trimmed simply with a knife-pleating of silk three inches deep sewed to the edge, not set upon it. The three front gores are of plain silk, with striped panels set down the front breadth, and bound with satin.

Hotel keepers are people we have to put up with.

The Yolo Democrat

Thursday, January 3d, 1878.

General News Items.

The Philadelphia *Record* says: There is some difference after all between a black rascal and a white one. Pinchback had as good a claim to a seat in the Senate as Kellogg, but Pinchback was a little off color.

It is a curious code that compels one Senator from one section of the country to resent a personal indignity with a challenge to mortal combat, while the public sentiment of the other section is such as to ruin a Senator from the other if he accepts it.

It is stated that Captain J. H. Fegelsby of New York, who is to undertake the recovery of the six millions of treasure supposed to have been sunk in the frigate Dom Pedro Alvantara, on the Spanish main, sixty years ago, has obtained subscriptions enough to start upon his expedition.

Sergeant Bates and his starry banner are hung upon the peg of obscurity in a Canadian poorhouse. It would be a paying investment for the Eastern Paragraphers' Association to take up a generous subscription and start the Sergeant on his useful travels again. The stove-pipe and orange peel feel lonely without him. It is as if a member of the Trinity had retired from business.

A beautiful tree well laden with presents, and artistically decorated was placed in the parlor of the fine residence of Major Freeman Christmas Eve. It was for the pleasure of Miss Lillian Freeman and her little friends, that the tree was given. Ten little ones and fourteen grown people composed the party and a very pleasant and merry one it was. Many elegant and useful presents were distributed.

Patterson has had about 300 letters asking for his speech attacking the President, and thinks he shall lecture. What a splendid chance for Redpath, who could sympathize! exclaims the Springfield *Republican*. Why not rally all the leading carpet-baggers for a starring tour through the country in the Christmas holidays, for the gratification of Bourbon Republicans like Chandler of Concord and others, quite a good many. Pinchback would make a good end-man.

There was great excitement at Rheims the other day, caused by the announcement that the ex-Empress Eugenie had arrived there, had an interview with the Archbishop, and departed. But it turned out to be an American lady, mysteriously mentioned in the papers as Madame P——, who had gone to Rheims to adjure Protestantism, and to get the Archbishop's blessings as she became a Catholic. The resemblance of this lady to the Ex-Empress was the cause of the rumor.

Secretary Evarts is said to be of opinion that Diaz would be much stronger if he had not the northern Mexican States on his hands, and that the only hope for Mexico is to lose those States, which would enable its government to act more energetically over a much smaller territory. But he acknowledges that popular opinion here is opposed to annexation, and he wishes Providence would somehow turn the whole northern Mexican States into an impassable and uninhabitable desert.

The Philadelphia *Chronicle* publishes the following: Another outrage upon the negro. Some Bulgarian Ku-klux trying to blow up the Prince of Montenegro.—The Czar of Russia has proved as mighty a warrior as Grant, and we nominate him against the latter for 1880.—What the United States Navy needs is less ships and more rear admirals. We have about two now for every vessel in service, and if a third was added he might possibly keep sober when the other two were out on a drunk.

It will be remembered that when it was announced that Mr. Tilden had been elected Mr. Hayes made a speech to his neighbors, in which he said that his chief regret in connection with the news arose from his fear that under a Democratic Administration the negroes of the South might suffer injustice. He has himself carried out at the South the policy which a Democratic Administration would have pursued, it is satisfactory to learn from himself that he finds it tending steadily to "the restoration of harmony and good will and to the complete protection of every constitutional right."

The Brooklyn *Eagle* says: The coolness between Blaine and Conkling began eleven years ago, when Conkling called Blaine in the House the friend, who would in time become the victim, of all the jobs in the Government. Blaine retorted with the noble epithet "the strutting turkey-cock of New York." Conkling's prophecy has become history. Blaine's epithet has stuck, too. It is sweet to see these patriots ogle each other and make love through a third, and it is also sweet to remember that if Conkling had any money in a savings bank, of which Blaine was a director, he would draw it out as soon as he could.

The "Stonewall Jackson."

The following are extracts from a correspondent of the Arizona *Citizen* of the 21st, written from Globe District, in which the Stonewall Jackson, or McMillan, as it is more familiarly known in this vicinity, is situated. We publish the extracts as items of interest to our readers, and as the *Citizen* is the "bull" organ of the Territory they may take it for what it is worth. Here are the extracts:

"EDITOR CITIZEN:—Having learned by letter from different parties in San Francisco that it is currently reported, and in some quarters believed, that the Stonewall Jackson Mine has pinched, or in other words, played out and of no value whatever, and that the name of the individual who gave rise to the report is Pushbacker, an old gray-headed villain from San Francisco. Why he should state that the Stonewall has pinched is beyond my comprehension, unless it is to publish himself as an unmitigated falsifier. He certainly had no foundation upon which to base such a report, and in his advanced age it would be more becoming in him to stick to the truth. Pushbacker never saw the inside of the Stonewall, consequently he is not competent to judge of the merits of the mine, in fact he is no miner, and did not come here for the purpose of mining but to get a bond or two upon our mines, and failing in his object he returned as he came, sore-headed, sourcd and disgusted with himself."

After some further remarks condemnatory of the "villainous" Pushbacker the correspondent proceeds to give *his* opinion as follows:

"His report in San Francisco does not astonish any of us here. We expect nothing else at the hands of Pushbacker and his kind. What do his statements amount to when compared with those of Messrs. McMasters, Taylor, Pettigrew and others? all of whom are experienced miners, and do not come here endeavoring to make a scratch and cheat somebody, but on the contrary they come here to invest in our mines and pay cash for what they purchase; and I am pleased to know that each of the three last-named gentlemen have purchased from one to two mines, and intend to return here next month and make further purchases. I will now push Pushbacker to one side and give you my opinion of the Stonewall Jackson and other mines adjacent thereto.

"The Stonewall Jackson never looked better than it does at present, notwithstanding the reports to the contrary. The main shaft is ninety-two feet deep and a drift is being run on the vein easterly from the bottom of the shaft, from which drift the owners are extracting as good ore as ever came from any other portion of the mine. Besides the drift there is a shaft being sunk in the tunnel which yields the same precious metal, with every indication that it is going to continue doing so. There is boxed and sacked at the store-room of the company, thirty-five hundred pounds of ore worth ten dollars per pound, and the amount is added to daily by from one to three hundred pounds, besides there is from twenty to thirty tons of what is termed second-class ore, sacked on the dump ready to be taken to the mill. This milling ore is worth from one to two thousand dollars per ton. There is more ore in sight at the present time than ever before and no evidence whatever of its pinching."

While we are in no position to question the accuracy of the above statements, yet we would not advise our fellow citizens to invest very deeply in the McMillan until actual practical results are shown in the way of dividends to the stockholders.

Dunnigan's Springs, Lake County.

DUNNIGAN'S SPRINGS, Dec. 17.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—These springs are situated on the headwaters of Eel river, about sixteen miles northwest of Bartlett's Springs, and about the same distance northeast of Upper Lake; all in Lake county. They take their name from the genial old gentleman in the northern part of Yolo county, whose generous hospitality many a hungry wayfarer holds in grateful remembrance. The original discoverer is Barker, also of Dunnigan's, a worthy old gentleman who started even with the present century in the race of life. They have made the last turn, and, as they come down the "home stretch," few signs of distress are visible, Barker the favorite at small odds, 100 to 99. The only way of getting here is by "trails." These mountain trails are curiosities; they seem to have been designed to impede travel as much as possible; they go down for seemingly no earthly reason only to go up again. These pioneer trail-makers evidently abhorred a level as nature does a vacuum.

Preliminary steps have already been taken to make these springs accessible to the public by means of a wagon road from Bartlett's, and also to connect wih a road already made from Upper Lake to Gravelly Valley, which will only require four miles of new road. The route to Bartlett's has already been viewed and located, and found to be exceptionally good, with only light grade necessary and favorable ground. I am advised that work will commence on the road early in the spring, and it will be ready for travel by the first of June. Timber is abundant, and the company propose, as soon as the road is completed, to put up a saw mill and cut their own lumber for building purposes; and it is their intention to develop the natural advantages so lavishly bestowed here, into the most attractive summer resort on the coast.

Here you realize that you are in the mountains. Eel River Mountain, Snow Mountain, Hull and Sanhedrim, and the lesser lights, Horse Mountain, Buck Rock, Sugar Loaf, Barker's Backbone, and Buckley's Knob, with the surrouding and intervening hills and valleys, ridges, glades, and canyons, form a grand panoramic view unsurpassed on the coast. Here are the stately pine and fir, the wide-spreading oak, the beautiful California laurel, and many other varieties, forming a boundless contiguity of shade, where children can laugh at the malaria of the valleys, old men and women renew their youth, and happy (and otherwise) lovers exchange the nonsense of the period. This is no narrow canyon with "impossible" sides; no island of an acre with a solitary tree, surrounded by a limitless sea of brush; no "pent-up Utica." There is plenty of room to stroll in any direction in sunshine or in shade.

And the springs! The principal one as it comes bubbling and sparkling from the solid rock, a stream as big as your arm, cold, clear, and delightfully palatable,—think of it, ye thirsty denizens of the plains! An analysis of these waters has never been had, but they have been visited regularly for years, by means of the trails aforesaid, by a few venturesome persons, and beneficial effects have resulted in many instances from the use of their waters. Of pure fresh water there is also an abundant supply. Game is plentiful; salmon and trout also abound.

In short, Mr. Editor, I can recommend this as a cool and delightful summer resort, to those seeking to escape the scorching heat of the California valleys, and the cramped thoroughfares of her cities. J. W. P.

Modification of the Burlingame Treaty.

In the House of Representatives, December 10th, 1877, our Representative in Congress, Hon. J. K. Luttrell, on leave, introduced the following joint resolution, relative to Chinese immigration and modification of the "Burlingame treaty." We trust Congress will at once take measures to stop Chinese immigration, for which object this resolution is introduced:

WHEREAS, Under the provisions of the treaty made between the United States and China known as the "Burlingame treaty," which took effect February fifth, eighteen hundred and seventy, all barriers against Chinese immigration were removed, and the immigration into the United States of the most degraded of the subjects of that vast and populous empire was not only permitted but encouraged; an experience of nearly eight years has clearly demonstrated that the workings of these provisions of that treaty have been disastrous to the laboring classes of our Pacific States and Territories:

Have tended seriously to retard rather than develop the resources of that naturally much-favored country;

Have brought there tens of thousands of servile coolies, establishing a system of slavery in our midst more pernicious and degrading than ever before known in the history of the world.

With these slaves come hordes of abandoned women of the same race, of the lowest and most degraded cast, who are bought and sold like cattle in the market, and hired out for the vile purposes of prostitution, infesting every city, village and hamlet of the land, degrading the youth and tainting the moral atmosphere of our communities.

These slaves, owned by the organizations known as the "Six Companies," are maintained upon a mere pittance, not exceeding ten cents per head per day, can afford to be, and are, hired for wages upon which a free man would absolutely starve.

With this system of slavery, free labor cannot compete. The individual coolie has no family to support, no ambition, and is content with that which affords him bare subsistence; while, upon the other hand, the ambition of the free laborer is to build for himself a home, and rear therein a family, which ruling idea is the very spirit of our system of government. This end he can never achieve in competition with slave labor. When laboring men and women complain to employers of the insufficiency of their wages, they are met with the reply that Chinamen will board themselves and work for forty cents per day. Every industry suffers by this all-pervading competition with the degraded coolie, whose deft fingers soon become educated to perform skilled labor; whose mind, however, is not improved by his new associations. He clings to his prejudices, his ignorance, and pagan superstition, antagonistic to our theory of government, our laws, and our religion.

For this blighting curse there is no compensation, and for these reasons the citizens of the Pacific States and Territories demand, in behalf of the laboring men and women of the country—in behalf of our race, of civilization and good morals—protection from the degrading effects of Chinese or coolie slavery.

It is the duty of the representatives of the people to remove the evil: Therefore,

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the treaty-making power of this government is earnestly requested to take immediate steps to so modify our treaty with China as to absolutely preclude ihe further importation of servile Chinese subjects to our shores.

The Philadelphia *Chronicle* publishes the following paragraphs:

Senator Patterson is seriously ill, but don't be alarmed. He won't die. This country never appears to have any good luck.—The United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition has such a Frenchful name that he will fool all the Parisians. His name is McCormic.—When Philadelphia gets her line of Brazilian steamships in operation large numbers of our citizens will patronize it rather than to be drafted to fight Mexico.—The only reason why the people of this country oppose war with Mexico is because there is no law compelling the politicians to go to the front and do the fighting.—The American indian is smart after all. Now he wants to become an American citizen and get the right to vote, so that he can get some of the free whisky which is always flying around on election day.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY
FOR 1877-78.

Without recalling the excellence of the past, the publishers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY announce, for the year to come, the following papers:

THE PICTURESQUE SIDE OF AMERICAN FARM LIFE.—This subject will be treated in a series of separate papers engaged from writers who stand in the front rank among Americans, both in qualities of style and in keen insight of nature. Mr. R. E. Robinson, author of a delightful paper on "Fox-Hunting in New England" in the January number, will represent the same section in this series. John Burroughs, whose papers on similar topics have been a highly prized and popular feature of SCRIBNER, will write of Farm Life in New York. Maurice Thompson, the poet-naturalist, will describe the characteristics of Western Farming, of which but little has been written. It is expected that the illustration of this series will be of a refined and typical character, commensurate with the subject matter. It is thought that no paper or series of papers yet issued in SCRIBNER will so fully realize the constant desire of the magazine to keep out of the ruts, and, both in text and illustrations, to obtain quality rather than quantity, and to print fresh, strong and delicate work from original sources.

"ROXY,"—by EDWARD EGGLESTON (author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," &c.). This new novel will doubtless be the most important American serial of the year. The first number was published in November. Those who have read it in manuscript declare Roxy to be much the most striking and remarkable story this author has ever written. It is illustrated by one of the ablest of the younger American painters—Mr. Walter Shirlaw, President of "The American Art Association."

AMERICAN SPORTS.—Some of the most novel and entertaining of these papers are yet to appear, the scenes of which will be in the West, the Middle States, the South, New England and Canada.

OUT-OF-DOOR PAPERS.—by John Burroughs, author of "Wake Robin," &c., will contain not only articles on Birds, but on "Tramping," "Camping Out," and kindred topics. Mr. Burrough's papers will begin in the January number, the first being entitled "Birds and Birds," and illustrated by Fidelia Bridges.

ARCHITECTURE OF BIRDS.—Dr. Thos. M. Brewer will contribute four exquisitely illustrated articles on birds' nests, which every lover of nature will delight in. Dr. Brewer has probably the finest collection of birds' eggs in the world to draw upon for the illustration of these papers.

THE SADDLE-HORSE.—Col. George E. Waring, with whose excellent work of various sorts our readers are familiar, contributes two illustrated articles on the horse. He treats specially of saddle-horses and their use for pleasure and for sport, including road-riding, fox-hunting and racing. The nature of the English thoroughbred and that of his Eastern progenitor (the Arabian) are fully considered in relation to their uses.

SAXE HOLM.—New stories by this popular writer will be given in early numbers of SCRIBNER, beginning with "Joe Hale's Red Stockings," to appear in January. This "novelette" chronicles an episode of the late war for the Union.

"HIS INHERITANCE."—By Adeline Tratton, so well begun in the Midsummer Holiday number, will be continued nearly through the year. It will be found to be of increasing interest to the very end.

"A KNIGHT OF FORTUNE"—Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's new novel—will be begun in SCRIBNER at the conclusion of "His Inheritance." It will reveal a phase of American society undreamed of by most of our readers, and will be certain to increase the reputation of the writer as a master of English and of his art.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS will continue to employ the ablest pens in America, and will include the present admirable summary of English publications. Besides the special articles above enumerated, the magazine will contain Poems, Sketches, Essays, Reviews, and shorter Stories of the highest character. A large practical reduction in price is made by an increase in the number of pages.

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A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.,
Sole Agents for the Standard White Shirts,

Overalls, Jumpers, etc.; also of MADAME DEMOREST'S most reliable PATTERNS, of which we have just received **An Entire New Supply for the Fall and Winter Season.**

oc25-w3m **A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.**

SUMMER TRADE
1877.

Langville and Madison,

YOLO COUNTY.

W. LEVY,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods,

—AND—

General Merchandise,

AT LANGVILLE AND MADISON.

Has on hand at BOTH these places Heavy Stocks of

Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, Boots, Hats, Hardware, Crockery, Farm Implements,

Building & Shelf Hardware

FRESH FAMILY GROCERIES, ETC., ETC.

Ten per cent. will be deducted on all Cash Sales of over Five Dollars.

My Madison Store has been supplied with a large stock of *New* Goods which must be sold out soon.

CALL AT LEVY'S.

Pays Cash for Grain and Wool.

GRAIN SACKS,

ON HAND AT THE LOWEST MARKET RATES.

May 24, 1877. no24-3m

SELLING OFF

TO CLOSE BUSINESS

AT COST.

COME AND SEE IF WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY.

We propose to sell our **ENTIRE STOCK** of

General Merchandise!

.....CONSISTING OF.....

DRY GOODS!
CLOTHING!
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS!
BOOTS AND SHOES!
GLASSWARE & CROCKERY
.....AND.....

Everything Kept in a First-Class Store.

AT COST, FOR CASH, GOLD COIN, As we are determined to close out.

Remember that our Goods are

ALL FRESH AND NEW!

Not Shelf-worn or Moth-eaten.

N.B.—All persons indebted to us will please come forward and settle immediately.

READ & SIMPSON.

Woodland, October 11th, 1877. oc25

Carriage & Wagon Making

HORSE-SHOEING

AND GENERAL JOBBING,

By Deitz & Knox,

Cor. 2d and Main Sts.,

WOODLAND, CAL.

We manufacture all kinds of Vehicles and Farming Implements to order, employing none but the best workmen and materials. All work warranted to give satisfaction.

no15w **DEITZ & KNOX, Propr's.**

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

—AT THE—

New Harness and Saddle Manufactory!

Also in Whips, Spurs, Blankets, Robes, Sweat Pads, Etc.,

CARRIAGE TRIMMING

AND REPAIRING DONE TO ORDER.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED!

Opp. Central Livery Stables,

MAIN ST., WOODLAND, CAL.

no29w3m **D. TOBIAS, Prop'r.**

THOMAS & BIDWELL,

Retail Grocers!

AND DEALERS IN

All kinds of Farm Produce!

NEXT TO EXPRESS OFFICE,

WOODLAND, CAL.

jeldw

SACRAMENTO

Business College,

AND TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE,

Library Building, 210 I Street,

SACRAMENTO.

The practical business training school of California. The largest Telegraph Institute in the United States.

Send for the COLLEGE JOURNAL, containing engravings of the different departments, terms, rules and general information.

Address E. C. ATKINSON,
de20w18m Principal Business College, Sac.

H. B. WOOD,

—DEALER IN—

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, MACHINERY,

Hardware, Woodenware, Paints & Oils,

MAIN ST., WOODLAND.

The latest improved Machinery and Agricultural Implements, which he sells at San Francisco prices.

Myers' Excelsior Gang Plow!

ONE OF THE VERY BEST IN USE!

He also calls attention to his

Iron and Wood-worker's Tools,

And Stock-in-Trade, consisting in IRON, STEEL, COAL, SPRINGS, AXLES, BOLTS, NAILS, LOCKS, SCREWS, HINGES, ETC., ETC.

CASTINGS FOR MACHINERY.

Cutlery, in Every Style,

CORDAGE, BLASTING POWDER, Fuse, and all kinds of Ammunition.

The stock of PAINTERS' FINDINGS is large and complete, consisting of

Paints, Oils, Brushes, Window-Glass, ETC., ETC.

THE ATTENTION OF FARMERS, MECHANICS AND BUILDERS

Is particularly invited to his stock, each line of which is complete, and will be sold at very low prices.

H. B. WOOD,
WOODLAND, Sept. 24, 1874. de21-tf

FIRST IN THE FIELD!

GENERAL

MERCHANDISE

—AT—

Madison!

I have changed my location from COTTONWOOD TO MADISON, and take this means of informing the public that I have on hand a full stock of

DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,

—AND—

Almost Everything Else

THAT A FAMILY WANTS!

I BELIEVE IN QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS!

Which the public will find out if they give me a trial.

On all sums traded amounting to over Five Dollars and paid in gold, a discount of 12½ per cent. will be allowed; if paid in silver, 6 per cent.

COME AND SEE ME.

A. HAINES.
MADISON, YOLO COUNTY, April 15th, 1877. oc16-3m

Elston & White,

DEALERS IN

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

Strictly Pure Medicinal

LIQUORS,

SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,

Miscellaneous Books, Blank Books.

—ALSO,—

Agents for the sale of Batchelor's Celebrated KEY EAST CIGARS, and Gravely's Fine CHEWING TOBACCO.

Dealers supplied with Cigars at Manufacturers' rates.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded Day or Night.

The Proprietors being experienced Druggists.

STORE, OPP. POSTOFFICE, WOODLAND, CAL.
delw

24 YEARS IN SACRAMENTO.

Pioneer Music Store

We purchase all our goods in the East and Europe, and will not be undersold by any one in the State, either in quantity or quality, at

DALE & CO'S,

185 J Street, Sacramento.

no22wtf

J. K. SMITH,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

FURNITURE AND BEDDING,

COLLEGE BLOCK, MAIN ST., Woodland, Cal., opp. the Craft House.

UNDERTAKING promptly attended to.

A fine new hearse in connection with the business. jel-dw

MRS. W. W. PORTER & CO.,

FASHIONABLE

MILLINERY & DRESSMAKING!

COLLEGE BLOCK, MAIN ST.,

WOODLAND, CAL.

FEATHERS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS.

Agents for Butterick's and the Domestic Patterns. no19w

ELSTON & WHITE HAVE JUST received the Cheapest lot of Cigars ever brought to Woodland.

R. FORRESTER,

SUCCESSOR TO

LUDDEN & FORRESTER.

—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, BOOTS, SHOES,

GLASSWARE & CROCKERY!

AGENT FOR THE

CAPITAL WOOLEN MILL CASSIMERES

—AND—

S. K. DODGE'S BUCK GLOVES!

SPECIAL NOTICE.—I would call your attention to the fact that I am offering you Bargains which cannot be obtained elsewhere. I can convince everybody that I mean just what I say and say just what I mean. But the best way to test the truthfulness of this assertion is to call and examine my stock and prices, always remembering that I DEFY COMPETITION in every particular.

A Large Stock of Goods Suitable for the Fall Trade

IS NOW BEING RECEIVED.
de4wim

EAGLE MILLS.

Knights Landing.

ARNOLD & SCHROTH, Prop's.

These well known and popular mills have been thoroughly overhauled and repaired by the new proprietors, and are now ready for business, and turning out the best quality of

Fine Flour, Corn Meal,
Graham Flour, Ground Feed,
ETC., ETC.

Special attention will be given to

GRIST WORK,

Which will be promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed,

For choice lots of milling wheat the highest price will be paid in cash. oc13-3m

J. G. SCHWALM,

DEALER IN

GROCERIES

And Provisions.

HIGHEST PRICE PAID IN CASH FOR POULTRY!

MAIN ST., PP. WASHINGTON HALL,

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.
oc11-3m

J. G. JOHNSON, *San Francisco.* A. MOSSMEYER, *Woodland*

CITY MARKET,

WOODLAND.

JOHNSON & MOSSMEYER,

PROPRIETORS.

Dealers in All Kinds of Meats.

HIGHEST MARKET RATES PAID

—FOR—

CATTLE, SHEEP AND HOGS!
oc19-w

D. H. QUINN,

THE HATTER,

N.E. COR. FOURTH & I STREETS,

SACRAMENTO.

LATEST STYLES

—OF—

Gents' Youths' and Children's

HATS!

MADE TO ORDER.

nolw

REMOVAL.

J. A. Wilson,

FURNITURE DEALER,

Gives notice to his old customers and the public generally that he has removed to

111 J STREET,

A few doors above his old place, in the same block, where he has a Splendid Stock of Furniture of all kinds. Give him a call.

J. A. WILSON, 111 J Street,
SACRAMENTO.
myl0-3m

CAPITAL HOTEL.

Having purchased, thoroughly renovated and refurnished this old and favorite house throughout, the patronage of the traveling and resident public is respectfully solicited.

Good Boarding and Comfortable Rooms

At reasonable prices by the day or week. The table will be supplied with the best the market affords.

No Chinese Cooks Employed,

Free 'bus to and from all passenger trains.

JOHN TACKNEY, Proprietor.
del-1m

NOTICE!

2,000 Acres of First-Class Farming Land for Sale!

One mile from Dunnigan's Station, on the California Pacific Railroad and five miles from the Sacramento River. Terms of sale easy.

Address W. J. CLARKE,
je29-tf Antelope, Yolo Co.

C. W. PROCTOR,

PRACTICAL DRUGGIST,

Dealer in Drugs, Chemicals,

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,

AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

UNDER CRAFT HOTEL, MAIN ST., WOODLAND
jeldw

T. M. PRIOR,

Harness & Saddle Maker,

Two Doors West of Express Office,

WOODLAND, - - - - - - CAL.

Only Importer from the East.

Everything in my line constantly on hand, or made to order, and sold at lowest living rates. jeldw